

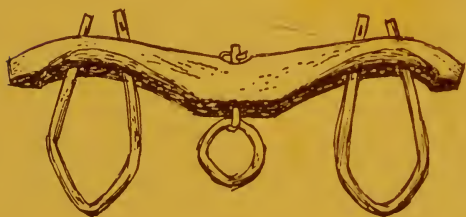
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Easy Plays for Lincoln's Birthday

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EASY PLAYS *for* LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

*by various
authors *
edited by
Theodore
Johnson*



BAKER'S PLAYS ★ ★ ★

EASY PLAYS
FOR
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

BY
VARIOUS AUTHORS

EDITED BY
THEODORE JOHNSON



BAKER'S PLAYS

178 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

and

448 SO. HILL STREET
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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Lincoln Room

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Compiled and Edited by
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Compiled and Edited by
THEODORE JOHNSON and LEROY PHILLIPS

TYPES OF MODERN DRAMATIC COMPOSITION
BAKER'S ANTHOLOGY OF ONE-ACT PLAYS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln's place is very close to the hearts of the common people. His own humble origin and early hardships having given him a breadth and fullness of sympathy for the poor and troubled and oppressed that never failed throughout his life. He was truly a "man of the people," but high as well as low honored his sound judgment, his absolute integrity, his truth and justice and honor, which commanded the respect of all, and devotion of multitudes.

From the lowly log cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky, where he was born, February 12, 1809, he passed onward and upward in a career marked by toil and earnest purpose, to the White House and highest office in our land.

He was made President of the United States in 1861, and guided the country through the terrible struggle of the Civil War, saved the Union and abolished slavery.

He came to a tragic death at the hands of an assassin, in April, 1865, just after his reelection.

But like Washington, he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond “readin’, writin’, and cipherin’” to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a

wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for reëlection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.—Written for J. W. Fell by Abraham Lincoln, in December, 1859.

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

GOOD FOR AN OPENING ADDRESS

As no Lincoln program is considered complete without the immortal words of the Gettysburg Address, we are giving it here.

“Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this; but in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion
Washington, November 21, 1864

Mrs. Bixby,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THANKS TO ABE

BY J. C. McMULLEN

CHARACTERS

JIMMY PARKS, *a bank clerk.*

JERRY MARLOW, } *his friends.*
BOB DOANE, }

LEO CLOYD, *the student.*

PEG, } *clerks in the five and ten.*
SHEILA, }

MRS. BAINS.

SCENE.—*Living-room of Mrs. BAINS' boarding-house.*

TIME.—*About 5:30 P. M.*

(*Curtain rises with Mrs. BAINS on chair before picture of Lincoln on R. wall, draping flag over picture. There is a slight wait as Mrs. BAINS arranges flag, then SHEILA, in housedress, enters L. She watches Mrs. BAINS for a moment before speaking.*)

SHEILA. That looks nice.

MRS. BAINS. (*Gets down from chair, replaces it against wall, then goes to C. of room and looks at picture*) Dear old Abe! God bless his kindly old face. (*Turning to SHEILA, standing L.*) You know, Sheila, I wouldn't think of calling Washington, "George," or Wilson, "Woody," (*turning toward picture*) but Lincoln, somehow or other "Abe" just seems to fit. (*Again turns facing SHEILA.*) It's nice Memorial Day

comes on Monday this year. You get two whole days from work. Going to the mountains with the rest of the crowd?

SHEILA. I—I haven't quite decided.

MRS. BAINS. (*Glancing sharply toward her*) Better make up your mind quickly; they're leaving early in the morning.

(*Exits L. as SHEILA crosses to divan in deep study, picks up magazine and sits with it in lap, staring into space.*)

PEG. (*Enters door L. c. Her face is contorted and she is evidently in great pain. She limps down to arm-chair, wincing at each step*) Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! (*Throws herself in chair and immediately kicks off her shoes.*)

SHEILA. Feet hurt?

PEG. And how! We had a sale today and I sold 1462 dishpans and any girl that handles, wraps and passes out 1462 dishpans to 1462 crabby old mamas hadn't ought to have feet. (*Feels bottom of foot.*) I got a lump on that one as big as Catalina Island!

SHEILA. (*Smiling*) Going to the mountains tomorrow?

PEG. Me? I should say not! I walked about eighty-two miles behind that counter today and that's enough hiking for me. Tomorrow I rest. (*Rises and picks up her shoes.*) And listen, sister, if you run across anybody that's lookin' for a million dollar baby in the five and ten cent store, just send 'em down to the basement. (*Starts limping toward door R.*) Ouch! Tell 'em to yell loud when they call dinner as I'm liable to be asleep.

[*Exits R.*

MRS. BAINS. (*In door L.*) Sheila! Give me a hand with the strawberries. They just came and I want them for supper.

SHEILA. (*Rising*) Strawberries! I'm right with you.
[*Exits L. with MRS. BAINS.*]

(JIMMY and JERRY enter L. C. JIMMY is rather pre-occupied and silent, JERRY rather boisterous.)

JERRY. (*Flinging hat on window seat and dropping into armchair, legs sprawled out in front of him*) Thank heaven for holidays! Only trouble is, there isn't enough of them.

JIMMY. (*Has stopped c. and is staring at picture of Lincoln*) Er—no, there isn't.

JERRY. I've been waiting on this one for weeks. Two whole days in the mountains. Baby!

JIMMY. (*Still staring at picture*) Honest Abe!

JERRY. Snap out of it, Jimmy, snap out of it.

JIMMY. (*Turning quickly*) What did you say?

JERRY. I said snap out of it. What's biting you? You haven't said a word since we left the bank.

JIMMY. Just thinking, that's all. [*Abruptly exits R.*]

(JERRY rises in surprise and crosses to end of divan where he stands staring after JIMMY, as LEO, wearing sweater and heavy-rimmed glasses, enters L. C. He is intently reading a large book and starting down L. C. bumps into armchair.)

LEO. (*Without looking up*) Pardon me! (*Turns and starts R. JERRY cautiously sticks out his foot and LEO falls over it.*) I beg your pardon! I—— (*Looks up from floor and sees JERRY smiling at him.*) Oh, hello, Jerry. (*Rises and picks up book.*)

JERRY. What are you wallowing through now? Shakespeare?

LEO. No! This is "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

JERRY. And who cares?

LEO. Who cares about what?

JERRY. Whether the Roman Empire declined and fell, inclined and fell or reclined and fell. (*As he goes back R.*) "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and in 19— at that! [*Exits R.*]

(*LEO, slightly puzzled, looks after JERRY for a moment and then sits in armchair L. C., absorbed in his book.*)

MRS. BAINS. (*Enters L.*) Home so soon?

LEO. (*Jumping to his feet*) Er—good evening, Mrs. Bains.

MRS. BAINS. What are you reading now?

LEO. (*Looking at door where JERRY made his exit*) You wouldn't be interested.

MRS. BAINS. I might be. What is it?

LEO. Well, if you won't laugh, it's "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

MRS. BAINS. Why should I laugh? I think it's splendid.

LEO. (*Eagerly*) Do you like it?

MRS. BAINS. Very much. I went through it at school.

LEO. It's wonderful! (*Deeply interested in his subject.*) Just think; those old Romans ——

MRS. BAINS. I know all about the old Romans, Leo. (*Glances around for an instant.*) I want to ask you something.

LEO. Yes, Mrs. Bains.

MRS. BAINS. Have you noticed a change in Jimmy lately?

LEO. Well—yes, I have.

MRS. BAINS. I've been waiting to have a chance to talk with you about him. I thought rooming with him you might know what's wrong.

LEO. No, I don't. You see, Jimmy doesn't talk much about himself.

MRS. BAINS. That's the trouble. Whatever is bothering him he's keeping to himself.

LEO. I know. I've been so busy with my studies I didn't pay much attention to him. That's why I like to room with him. He doesn't bother a fellow with a lot of wisecracks when he wants to study. Now, Jerry —

MRS. BAINS. Is Jimmy still going around with Joan Newton?

LEO. (*Cautiously*) He has her picture on his dresser and another one on the chest of drawers and he carries one in his billfold.

MRS. BAINS. Does he go out with her?

LEO. (*Studies a moment*) He wore his tux night before last.

MRS. BAINS. He wouldn't be wearing his tux if he was going out with Peg or Sheila.

LEO. (*Hesitating*) I wouldn't tell you this, only that I know you're his friend. I—I think he's in debt. He's borrowed money from me twice lately. Of course, I was glad to give it to him but —

MRS. BAINS. Borrowed money! I see! Better get ready for dinner, Leo.

LEO. (*Slightly puzzled by his abrupt dismissal*) Er—yes, ma'am. [*Exits R. with his book.*]

SHEILA. (*At door L.*) Nora wants to know if you ordered the cream for the strawberries, Mrs. Bains.

MRS. BAINS. Yes, I ordered it. It will be here in time for dinner. (*SHEILA turns to go.*) Wait a moment, Sheila. (*SHEILA enters, standing L. c.*) Made up your mind about the mountains tomorrow?

SHEILA. No—not exactly.

MRS. BAINS. Is Jimmy going?

SHEILA. I really couldn't say. (*Turns L.*)

MRS. BAINS. Been out with him lately?

SHEILA. No, I haven't! (*Starts toward door L.*)

MRS. BAINS. Sheila!

SHEILA. I was helping Nora and ——

MRS. BAINS. You like Jimmy, don't you?

SHEILA. Mr. Parks is a very nice young man.

MRS. BAINS. Mr. Parks. When did you stop calling him Jimmy?

SHEILA. I was a little too familiar and ——

MRS. BAINS. (*Takes SHEILA by the shoulders and looks into her eyes*) You love Jimmy, don't you, dear?

SHEILA. (*Bravely*) I've loved him ever since I first met him.

MRS. BAINS. And what has come between you?

SHEILA. (*Miserably*) I don't know. He never told me he loved me, Mrs. Bains, he just ——

MRS. BAINS. I know. You both took things for granted and then—he dropped you. (*SHEILA winces.*) Don't think I said that to hurt you, dear, I didn't, but did it ever occur to you that Jimmy might not know his own mind?

SHEILA. He's twenty-one and ——

MRS. BAINS. Twenty-one! My dear child! The older men are, the less sense they have, that is, about women. It's Joan Newton, isn't it?

SHEILA. He's been going out with her a lot lately.

MRS. BAINS. Why don't you fight a little?

SHEILA. Fight?

MRS. BAINS. Yes, fight. If Jimmy's worth having, he's worth fighting for.

SHEILA. Jimmy works in a bank. I'm only a girl in the five and ten.

MRS. BAINS. Don't get that sort of a complex, my dear. You're as good as he is and I'm quite sure that the fact you're working in a five and ten cent store has never entered his mind. He's dazzled by Joan Newton and the life she leads and when a man is blinded by a pretty girl —— Take my advice, Sheila; if you love Jimmy, go after him.

[*Exits R.*]

(SHEILA stands in study for a moment, then turns L. as PEG, in dressing gown and slippers, enters R.)

PEG. Chuck ready yet? (*Sits on divan.*)

SHEILA. (*Desperately*) Peg! If you —— If you —— Suppose you loved a man ——

PEG. Well, suppose I did, what of it?

SHEILA. And he—that is you—suppose he ——

PEG. Spill it, sister, spill it.

SHEILA. If I tell you something will you promise never to tell?

PEG. If you tell me something? So far all you've done is blunder around.

SHEILA. I—I love a man and he ——

PEG. Gave you the go-by, huh?

SHEILA. Not exactly but —— Oh I'm a fool!

[*Rushes off L.*

PEG. Goofy! Goofy as a bat! (*Picks up magazine and settles herself full length on divan. Just as she is in a comfortable position, the telephone rings. She looks at it, then starts to read, but as it continues ringing, she drops her magazine and reaches over back of divan for phone, with an exclamation of impatience.*) Come in! Yeah, I reckon so. Sure! He feeds here you know. Uh-huh! Who? (*JIMMY enters R.*) Joan Newton! You can't go and ——

JIMMY. (*At table behind divan. Jerking phone from PEG's hand*) I'll answer it.

PEG. Help yourself, brother, help yourself. (*Resumes her magazine.*)

JIMMY. (*Stands as far away from divan as cord of phone will permit*) This is Jimmy, de —— (*catches himself with a sharp glance toward PEG*) Joan.

PEG. (*Smothering a yawn*) Go ahead and kiss her if you like. I won't look.

JIMMY. (*With an indignant glance toward PEG*)

What were you saying, Joan? (*Lingers lovingly over her name.*)

PEG. (*Groaning*) Ohhhhh!

JIMMY. You can't go?.....But I have everything arranged. I've a place reserved at the Purple Goose and a box at the theatre and the machine and.....But Joan! You must, you promised.....W-e-l-l, then how about tomorrow night?.....Then the next night?.....Well, the night after that? Then the night —

PEG. What is this, a litany?

JIMMY. But Joan, I—— (*Phone is evidently hung up on him as he looks at it blankly for a moment, then slowly places receiver on hook.*)

PEG. That was short and sweet, wasn't it, Jimmy, old socks?

JIMMY. (*In a daze sinks in armchair*) She won't go! And I ——

(*Doorbell rings. PEG looks at JIMMY expectantly but as he makes no move to answer the second ring, she crosses to door.*)

BOY. (*At door*) Flowers for Mr. Parks. (*Hands nicely wrapped box of flowers to PEG.*)

PEG. (*Closes door, then crosses to c. and hands box to JIMMY*) Flowers and everything and she won't go, tonight or tomorrow night or the next night or the night after. Too bad, old kid. (*Tosses flowers in JIMMY's lap and resumes her comfortable position on divan with magazine.*)

JIMMY. (*Looks at flower box for a moment, evidently not knowing what to do with it. Then rises and lays box in PEG's lap*) You can have them, Peg.

[*Exits R.*

PEG. (*Staring after him in amazement*) Well for cryin' out —— You can have 'em, Peg. She don't want 'em, so —— (*Throws box across room. Her*

curiosity gets the better of her, however, and she picks box up and opens it on table back of divan.) Orchids! Orchids and she wouldn't go. (MRS. BAINS *enters R.*) Say, Mrs. Bains! You know that dame Jimmy's nuts about?

MRS. BAINS. Joan Newton. She's the daughter of the bank president.

PEG. Steppin' high, sonny boy.

JERRY. (*Dressed for the evening, enters R.*) Mrs. Bains! Could you hurry dinner a little?

MRS. BAINS. It isn't quite ready but Nora will fix you up I'm sure.

(JIMMY *enters R.*)

JERRY. Thanks! Have to go back to the bank for a couple of hours. The examiner is to be there Tuesday and I have a little straightening up to do before he gets at my books. (JIMMY *starts at this.*) Then I got a hot date tonight too. [*Exits L.*]

JIMMY. The bank examiner! (*Starts hurriedly after JERRY.*) Jerry! I —— (Notices PEG and MRS. BAINS *watching him.*) Excuse me! [*Hurriedly exits R.*]

(PEG and MRS. BAINS *exchange startled glances as doorbell rings. MRS. BAINS answers it.*)

BOB. (*At door L. c.*) Is Jimmy in, Mrs. Bains?

MRS. BAINS. Come in, Bob. He'll be glad to see you.

BOB. (*Standing c., nervously running his hat through his hands*) I'd like to see him right away, please. This is important, *very* important.

MRS. BAINS. I'll call him. (*Nods to PEG and they exit R.*)

(BOB *walks nervously back and forth L. c. and in a moment JIMMY enters. BOB has his back to JIMMY*

as he enters and JIMMY stops, watching him. BOB turns and seeing JIMMY hastily crosses to c.)

BOB. Jimmy! That last deposit you took to-day ——

JIMMY. (*Defiantly*) What about it?

BOB. I saw you, that's all.

JIMMY. You saw me what?

BOB. (*Earnestly*) You can't get away with a thing like that, Jimmy. You can cover it up for a while but they'll catch you sure. I dashed over as soon as I got through. I didn't want to speak to you at the bank but —— You can't do a thing like that, Jimmy, I tell you, you *can't*!

JIMMY. What are you talking about?

BOB. You know what I'm talking about. That old chap who came in just at closing time and deposited around \$50. You—you slipped it in your pocket, Jimmy, I *saw* you.

JIMMY. (*Trying hard to control himself*) You saw *me* slip \$50 in my pocket? You're crazy, Bob! (*Goes up to window and stands with back to BOB.*)

BOB. (*Following and standing just back of him*) I tell you I *saw* you do it, Jimmy. I was in the cage next to you and you didn't know it. I couldn't believe my eyes. You're not a thief, Jimmy! You —— (*Stops as he sees JIMMY has no intention of answering him.*) Jimmy!

JIMMY. (*Without turning*) What is it?

BOB. Are you going to put it back? You can do it the first thing Tuesday and no one will ever know but me and you know you can trust me. Go around early ——

JIMMY. (*Without turning*) You're imagining things and I'll thank you to mind your own business in the future.

BOB. (*Looks at JIMMY for a moment without speak-*

ing. *He then crosses to door where he turns*) I'm not imagining things. I saw you take that money. Think it over. You still have time. I'll be watching you Tuesday morning. [Exits L. c.]

JIMMY. *(Stands for a moment without turning or moving. Then he drops on bench under window with head in hands as MRS. BAINS enters R. She stops at sight of JIMMY then crosses and quietly sits beside him. He looks up and attempts to rise but she prevents him. He stares at her for a moment then bows his head in her lap and sobs. She doesn't speak but gently lays her hand on his head and after a moment he composes himself, rises and walks down L. where he stands with his back to her)* I suppose you'll think I'm a fool.

MRS. BAINS. *(Walking down R. c.)* Yes, I do, a little bit of a one.

JIMMY. You see I —— Bob was just here. He tried to do me a favor and I —— *(Collects himself.)* Dinner about ready?

MRS. BAINS. Jimmy! How long has your mother been dead?

JIMMY. *(Surprised)* About four years.

MRS. BAINS. And you've been with me ever since.

JIMMY. *(Still somewhat mystified)* Yes.

MRS. BAINS. I never had a boy of my own but if I had, *his* name would be Jimmy—for his father, you know.

JIMMY. I ——

MRS. BAINS. Did I ever tell you about my husband?

JIMMY. *(Uneasily)* I think, Mrs. Bains ——

MRS. BAINS. *(Unheeding the interruption)* He was killed in the Philippines, in the Spanish-American War. That was before your time. We were only married a month when he went over and—he never came back. *(Sits on divan.)*

JIMMY. *(Rather uncomfortable)* I'm sorry.

MRS. BAINS. That's why Memorial Day means so

much to me. I used to look on it like a great many others, as just another holiday, but now it means just what its name implies, a day of memories.

JIMMY. (*Trying for an excuse to escape*) Really, Mrs. Bains, I ——

MRS. BAINS. If we'd all look back once in a while, Jimmy, hold a sort of Memorial Day of our own, over our dead years, it would do us a lot of good and it would give us a lot of courage for the future too.

JIMMY. (*Desperately as he tries to fathom her object in speaking to him this way*) Honestly, Mrs. Bains, I have ——

MRS. BAINS. (*Suddenly turning to him*) You're in some kind of trouble, aren't you?

JIMMY. (*With a brave front*) Why no, I ——

MRS. BAINS. Oh yes you are. Tell me about it.

JIMMY. (*Sullenly*) There's nothing to tell.

MRS. BAINS. Yes there is. You haven't been like yourself for months. Something's happened between you and Sheila?

JIMMY. Of course not. I think a lot of Sheila.

MRS. BAINS. Perhaps it was between you and Joan Newton.

JIMMY. She ——

MRS. BAINS. Peg told me about the telephone conversation.

JIMMY. (*Angrily*) Peg should mind her own business.

MRS. BAINS. Meaning, by that, that I should do the same, I suppose.

JIMMY. Not exactly but ——

MRS. BAINS. Is there something wrong at the bank?

JIMMY. (*Startled*) Why —— What put that in your head?

MRS. BAINS. You're not making much, Jimmy, and flowers and automobiles and theatres and roadhouses cost a lot of money for a boy on a small salary.

JIMMY. (*Stiffly*) If that's all you have to say, Mrs. Bains ——

MRS. BAINS. (*Cheerfully*) It isn't, Jimmy, not half. (*Making room for him to sit beside her on divan.*) Come, now; better tell me.

JIMMY. I tell you there's nothing to tell. There's nothing —— (*Stops as he finds MRS. BAINS gently staring at him, shaking her head.*)

MRS. BAINS. You're a poor liar, Jimmy. Come here. (*Rather unwillingly he crosses and sits beside her.*) Now out with it and see if I can help you.

JIMMY. (*Hesitates for a moment*) I—I guess I've been a fool.

MRS. BAINS. That's twice you've admitted that. You should feel better now. But don't take it too seriously. Most young men are fools some time or other.

JIMMY. (*With bowed head*) You see I fell for Joan, hard, and I thought that she ——

MRS. BAINS. Fell for you, hard, is that it?

JIMMY. Yes. I've been running around with her and her crowd for the past three months.

MRS. BAINS. That's since you dropped Sheila.

JIMMY. I —— Yes.

MRS. BAINS. And what's the rest of it?

JIMMY. They all have cars and were going to the big restaurants and roadhouses and ——

MRS. BAINS. All of which costs money.

JIMMY. Yes. More than I had.

MRS. BAINS. And then what happened?

JIMMY. She—she seemed to like me and I didn't want to be a piker ——

MRS. BAINS. Get to the point, Jimmy. Some one is liable to come in.

JIMMY. Well, I only make \$30 a week.

MRS. BAINS. And orchids and boxes at the theatre can't be bought for that, can they, Jimmy?

JIMMY. No.

MRS. BAINS. So you helped yourself to some from the bank, I suppose.

JIMMY. (*Huskily*) Yes.

MRS. BAINS. How much?

JIMMY. Two hundred and forty dollars.

MRS. BAINS. You spent all that in three months?

JIMMY. I couldn't be a ——

MRS. BAINS. Piker, you told me that once, Jimmy. But you are a piker, the worst kind of a one.

JIMMY. I ——

MRS. BAINS. (*Kindly*) Yes, Jimmy, you are. You went back on your ideals. You're honest at heart, Jimmy, and you know it.

JIMMY. (*Bitterly*) Honest? I'm a thief, that's what I am.

MRS. BAINS. Technically, yes, but I wouldn't be afraid to trust you with all I have.

JIMMY. I'm just a common thief, that's what I am, a common thief, and when Bob came and tried to straighten things up for me I—I insulted him.

MRS. BAINS. The man who never made a mistake never amounted to much. You can trust Bob?

JIMMY. That's what hurts now. He'd do anything for me.

MRS. BAINS. How about putting the money back?

JIMMY. I haven't got it to put back. I took fifty more today. I'll put that back of course but the balance ——

MRS. BAINS. I'll give it to you.

JIMMY. You! I couldn't take it from you, Mrs. Bains.

MRS. BAINS. For the sake of that Jimmy I wanted and never had. You can pay it back.

JIMMY. (*Brokenly*) I—I ——

MRS. BAINS. I'm doing this for *my* Jimmy, the boy who might have been, and then I like you a little bit

too, Jimmy. Can you get it back without the bank knowing it?

JIMMY. Yes. Bob'll help me.

MRS. BAINS. Fine. You just made a fool of yourself, but that's all over now, isn't it?

JIMMY. (*Very low*) Yes.

MRS. BAINS. (*Turning toward picture of Lincoln*) There was a great man, Jimmy. (*JIMMY raises his head and looks at picture.*) Sincere, kindly, and above all, humble. President of our country, yes, but at heart just a simple, kindly father. That's how I like to think of him. I don't know what his religion was, or whether he had any at all, but he had a big heart, as big as his kind, ugly old face, and I think God must have loved him. When Memorial Day comes around I like to think of Lincoln and Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and the other old standbys in our history, but Lincoln is my favorite. He was *one of us*, and when things go wrong I say to myself, "What would Abe do," and then after puzzling it out, I go and do it.

JIMMY. "What would Abe do?" I know he wouldn't steal —

MRS. BAINS. I saw what was going on. You were fascinated by Joan Newton and her crowd and dropped Sheila.

JIMMY. Don't, Mrs. Bains.

MRS. BAINS. And then to keep up your end and not be a piker, you got into this nice little mess. I thought if I spoke to you I might be "butting in," as you youngsters put it, and then I thought "what would Abe do," and I did it. I'll give you the money, Jimmy, and you can put it back the first thing Tuesday. Don't feel so badly, boy. Things haven't gone to pot because you've made one mistake, and there's still Sheila. She's worth her weight in gold and she thinks you're the only boy that ever lived. Straighten things out with her

and —— (*Pats him kindly on the shoulder.*) Don't worry! Things will be all right. [*Exits L.*]

(JIMMY looks after her for a moment, then slowly goes back to window. He is standing there when SHEILA enters L. She watches him a moment, then goes timidly c.)

SHEILA. Mrs. Bains said you wanted to see me, Jimmy.

JIMMY. (*Turning quickly*) Sheila! I —— (*Again turns to window.*)

SHEILA. (*Walking up to him*) Is there something wrong, Jimmy?

JIMMY. (*Turning*) You should never speak to me again.

SHEILA. Why?

JIMMY. Because I —— You do like me a little bit, don't you, Sheila?

SHEILA. I've always liked you, Jimmy.

JIMMY. (*Humbly*) And—and would you go with me to the mountains with the crowd tomorrow?

SHEILA. I—I'd just love to, Jimmy.

JIMMY. (*Placing his arm around her and walking with her toward door L. c.*) I've been pretty rotten of late, Sheila, but ——

SHEILA. (*Consolingly*) No, Jimmy. You've just been a little worried, that's all.

JIMMY. I have been worried, but that's all over now. Things are going to be different from now on.

[*They exit L. c., talking earnestly.*]

(MRS. BAINS enters L., looks around room, then goes to window and looks off. She is standing there as PEG enters R.)

PEG. Well! Has the boy friend —— (MRS. BAINS

motions to PEG and she also goes to window and looks off.) Clinch and final fadeout. (As she and Mrs. BAINS turn.) Then came the dawn! Things look kinda rosy for Sheila, eh? For Jimmy, too, for that matter.

MRS. BAINS. (*Looking at picture of Lincoln*) Yes! Thanks to Abe.

CURTAIN

PROPERTIES

PERSONAL

Magazines
Box of flowers
Large book
American flag

STAGE

Rugs
Curtains
Divan
Book table
Chairs
Telephone
Doorbell
Telephone bell
Pictures, books, magazines, pillows, etc.
Picture of Lincoln

NEW SALEM DAYS *

BY LUCY BARTON

CHARACTERS

A BOY, *of the present.*

A GIRL, *of the present.*

NEW SALEM FOLKS, *of the year 1835:*

JAMES RUTLEDGE, *the tavern-keeper.*

MRS. RUTLEDGE.

ANN RUTLEDGE (*aged 22*).

ABE LINCOLN (*aged 26, after his first term in the Illinois Legislature*).

MENTOR GRAHAM, *the schoolmaster.*

JACK KELSO, *fisherman, loafer, poetry-lover.*

JACK ARMSTRONG, *one of the Clary's Grove Boys.*

DENTON ORFUT, *Abe's former employer.*

BOYS AND GIRLS, *as many as is convenient, including:*

BILL FERGUSON.

SAMUEL HILL.

JIM MILLER.

SUKEY JOHNSON.

ELIZA CAMERON.

Some more of the Clary's Grove Boys.

SCENE.—*A grassy open space—Salem Hill, in Illinois.*

TIME.—*The present and the spring of 1835. Evening.*

(*The curtain rises on an empty stage. Immediately, from the R., comes the sound of an automobile drawing to a stop, then voices:*)

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BOY. This must be the place.

GIRL. Why, it looks too small!

(They enter, R.)

BOY. An empty space always looks smaller. Besides, remember that even in its best days, when Lincoln was here, New Salem had only fifteen houses and a hundred people.

GIRL. Let's see the map.

(They take out a paper and consult it, turning to point in the various directions they mention.)

BOY. Now we're on the ridge, and the Sangamon River is over there, east of us (*points L.*); in front is the creek (*pointing over footlights*) and the schoolhouse was on the other side of it. Why, we must be standing about on the site of James Rutledge's tavern!

GIRL. Where Ann Rutledge lived!

(She looks about her reverently, as though she saw the walls of the little tavern.)

BOY. Lincoln lived here too, you know, in the tavern ——

GIRL. Don't you suppose people gathered here of an evening—some sort of parties?

BOY. Perhaps they danced—didn't they do square dances?

GIRL. And had spelling-bees ——

BOY. And I daresay games—Blind Man's Buff, and London Bridge ——

GIRL. And Drop the Handkerchief —— (*Looking around sadly.*) Oh, how dreadful! Nothing left to show that they ever lived, those kind, simple folks who loved Lincoln!

BOY. Don't you suppose, perhaps, their ghosts come back, looking for their old homes and the streets they used to walk in?

GIRL. If they do, it would be on such a night as this—in May. Oh Jim, let's stay and see—perhaps they do come.

(The twilight deepens as they talk.)

BOY. Not afraid of ghosts, Betty?

GIRL. Not of these ghosts—certainly not the ghosts of Lincoln, nor sweet Ann Rutledge.

BOY. Then let's sit down here.

(He leads her to a place D. L., where they sit. The lights become very dim, go out. In the dark, the actors come in quietly, like shadows. As the lights go up again they are revealed as backwoods folks of the 1830's, in calico, linsey-woolsey and buckskin, rough but clean and neat. The young people are all there, talking and laughing.)

BILL FERGUSON. Where's Schoolmaster? Ain't we having the spelling-bee?

SAMUEL HILL. Mr. Rutledge told me a while back that Mentor Graham would be a bit late getting here; he's going over some study books with Abe.

JACK ARMSTRONG. If it's books keeping them, no knowing when Abe'll be here. I never could figure out why a man who can wrestle like Abe Lincoln wants to sit with his nose in a book ——

(DENTON ORFUT and JAMES RUTLEDGE, two middle-aged men, enter L., during this speech.)

ORFUT. Well, Jack Armstrong, maybe it's books that did it. If you and your Clary's Grove Boys had

ever even looked inside a book, maybe Abe wouldn't have licked the hide off you two or three years ago.

(Laughs from all which ARMSTRONG takes good-naturedly.)

RUTLEDGE. *(Slight Southern accent)* Welcome, neighbors. Mr. Graham is coming now. I saw him crossing the creek, Mr. Lincoln with him.

(Enter, R., JACK KELSO, middle-aged, carelessly dressed.)

KELSO. "Are we all met?" To which, if you knew your Shakespeare, you'd be answering "Pat, pat." But you don't and you won't. You'll say to yourselves, "It's just old Jack Kelso raving again." Only Abe —

(At L. enter the youthful LINCOLN. With him MENTOR GRAHAM, a middle-aged man, wearing steel-rimmed spectacles.)

ABE. What's that about Abe? Nothing bad, I hope?

SUKEY JOHNSON. We're waiting for you and Mr. Graham so we can begin choosing for the spelling-bee.

GRAHAM. All right, Sukey, you can choose for one side and *(looks around)* Jim Miller, you for the other. Sukey —

(SUKEY and JIM go to R. and L.)

SUKEY. Abe —

(Everybody laughs and protests, "No fair," "He's out," "You can't do it," etc.)

GRAHAM. No, Sukey, we have decided that our young legislator here is too good a speller; it's no fair contest when he's in it.

(General laughter and murmurs of assent. ABE good-naturedly withdraws to the back and watches the proceedings, with KELSO and RUTLEDGE. ARMSTRONG collects several strapping young fellows around him.)

ARMSTRONG. Count the Clary's Grove Boys out. We're better with our legs than with our tongues.

(They retire in a group upstage. The choosing begins, SUKEY and JIM alternating, calling a boy and then a girl, till an equal number is ranged on each side. MENTOR GRAHAM stands D. C., his back to audience, and opens his book.)

GRAHAM. Ready.

(The spelling-bee progresses. The conduct of it can be left very much to the discretion of the director. It can be a real contest, with the outcome in doubt. It should, however, not last very long, not over ten minutes, and it must go fast. The words should be spelled by syllables, cumulatively. Long "show" words should be chosen. The winning side is congratulated as the party re-forms into a general group. MRS. RUTLEDGE, with ANN, appears at L. At sight of ANN the faces of many young men brighten. SAMUEL HILL, who is a disappointed suitor, steps forward, then falls back, looking a little sad. ABE leaves MR. RUTLEDGE and goes directly to ANN, who greets him with a shy, rather sad smile. They talk aside, while MRS. RUTLEDGE makes her announcement.)

MRS. RUTLEDGE. I'm about ready for the candy-pulling. Who'll come?

*(All the young people respond, with "We will"—
"Come on"—"All right"—etc., and go off, in
groups or pairs. ABE and ANN remain a moment.
She looks sadly at him, shakes her head in answer
to some question and joins her father as he leaves.
JACK KELSO and the SCHOOLMASTER have been
looking at the couple, speculatively. Now they
join ABE, and the three are alone on the stage.)*

KELSO. Can't you fix it up with Ann, Abe?

ABE. I don't know, Jack. Sometimes I think I'm gaining, but she falls back on her promise to McNeill, says she isn't sure he won't come back ——

GRAHAM. Ann loves you, Abe. I've watched her grow up and I know what she's like. Her happiness lies with you. You've got the same tastes, same love of learning, same ideals. You're the man for her, and she's your woman. You're going far, Abe Lincoln, and she'll step right up alongside you.

KELSO. If we could prove McNeill dead she'd take you, eh? Or unfaithful?

ABE. I think so.

GRAHAM. Can't we show her that if he did come back she couldn't make him happy now, because it's you she loves?

KELSO. A good lie would be justified, in my opinion.

ABE. 'Twon't do, Jack. Two wrongs never made a right; we can't build on deception.

GRAHAM. That's so. But it ought to be enough to say that the man's left her in the lurch. She knew he got back East all right, and now she's had no word for months. She owes him no obligation.

ABE. She's sensitive, Mentor ——

GRAHAM. Would you let me talk to her, Abe? Maybe I could ——

ABE. Go ahead, but don't overrule her own feelings. A woman's intuition is a very wonderful and delicate thing, she must abide by it, or there can't be real happiness.

KELSO. Come out under the stars with me—a great place to clear your thoughts.

(He takes ABE's arm and they go out, R. As GRAHAM stands thoughtfully at one side, in from L. runs a girl, gropingly pursued by a young man with a kerchief over his eyes. The others crowd laughingly in the entrance, L. The girl dodges from one side of the stage to another, but the boy gradually corners her, grasps her firmly around the waist and with tell-tale promptness names her.)

YOUNG MAN. It's Liz.

ALL. Which Liz?

YOUNG MAN. Miss Eliza Cameron, of course.

(The crowd laughs uproariously, the girl giggles again, while the young man tears off the kerchief. She wriggles from his embrace and flees, R., while he pursues. The crowd cries, "Forfeit, forfeit," "Play fair," etc., then, "He's caught her." A second's silence, then a loud smack resounds off stage, everybody nods and laughs, as the young man leads the girl back, laughing and blushing. She pulls her hand away and joins the group of girls, as they all go off L., noisy and happy. ANN is the last to go. GRAHAM calls her.)

GRAHAM. Ann, my dear.

ANN. Yes, Schoolmaster.

GRAHAM. Stay and talk to me a minute.

ANN. Gladly.

GRAHAM. Did you like the poems I lent you—the sonnets of Shakespeare?

ANN. Ye-es, I like the sound of them, but I don't always know about the sense. I'm very ignorant. I'm not very sure what they mean.

GRAHAM. Well, you're not alone in that. Much ink has been spilled, first and last, by those arguing for this theory and that. But there's a line from one I'd like to recall to you:

“ Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments.”

Have you thought about that, Ann?

ANN. Schoolmaster ——

GRAHAM. Yes, I'm an interfering old man, but I'm fond of you, girl, have been ever since you learned your three R's from me. Yours is a true mind, Ann, and so is his. You are made for each other. Don't let a worn-out promise stand in the way of your happiness.

ANN. But my given word ——

GRAHAM. Ann—look in my eyes and tell me you still love John McNeill, that you'd be the happiest woman in New Salem if he came back to you tomorrow.

ANN. (*Hanging her head*) But I promised ——

GRAHAM. Would you cheat two men—the one of yourself, when you know he has your love, the other of the love you can't give him with yourself, because you love another? There's dishonesty, to my mind.

(*An uproar outside. “ By ——” stopped abruptly, as though stifled. ABE's voice, clear and deliberate, is heard.*)

ABE. You'll stop that profanity, man, when there are ladies about.

VOICE. (*Defiantly*) I'll speak as I damned well please; nobody can stop me.

ABE. Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well do it as anybody.

(ANN and GRAHAM listen, ANN much agitated. Enter KELSO.)

KELSO. It's that stranger came in yesterday from Fort Dearborn. Abe's strong, but so is this man, and he's nasty drunk. I don't trust him. But you can't stop Abe's going for him, if he thinks the brute needs a hiding.

(*The confused voices gradually diminish as the men, apparently, go outdoors for the fight. It is very quiet on the stage. ANN makes a move to leave, but GRAHAM restrains her. Men's voices, distant, tense, cry, "Go it, Abe," "Get your grip," etc. Then ARMSTRONG's voice cries sharply, "Watch out!"*)

ANN. (*Starting forward*) Abe, Abe darling!

(*A woman's voice shrieks "Blood!" and the masculine voices rise in a bellow of anger. Pause, then a shout of triumph, increasing in strength as they all surge onto the stage, pressing after ABE, who comes in with SAMUEL HILL. ABE's hand is wrapped in a bloody kerchief. At sight of this, ANN rushes to him and is in his arms, quite oblivious of the others, who draw downstage. In a second ABE looks up, over ANN's head, and with a radiant smile leads her away. Then the crowd buzzes with talk.*)

KELSO. Did the skunk have a knife?

RUTLEDGE. Yes. If Jack hadn't called out, it would have gone between Abe's ribs. As it was, he caught it in a glancing slash across his hand—bloody, but no harm done. He knocked the knife out of the brute's hand and then had him down in a second and we were all on him. Jack Armstrong's sitting on him still, I reckon. We'll go back now and tend to him. Best lock him up to get sober. *[Exit.]*

A GIRL. Let's dance now, shan't we—to celebrate?

ANOTHER GIRL. *(To a Boy)* Go see if Jack Armstrong won't stop sitting on the prisoner's head and come in—the Clary's Grove Boys don't miss a dance any more'n they do a fight.

(Everybody laughs. Partners are chosen and stand facing each other for the Virginia Reel. JACK ARMSTRONG comes in and chooses the girl who asked for him and they make the top couple. A fiddler enters and plays. The Reel may be danced through with as many changes as desired [not too long] but as the last "arches" are made, ABE and ANN come in and stand at c. back, with RUTLEDGE, MRS. RUTLEDGE, GRAHAM and KELSO near them. They are at the top of the arch as the dance ceases.)

ABE. I wanted you to know, friends, that Ann has said she'll be my wife. I'm sure you'll be glad with us.

(In couples, with a kind of rustic formality, all present go up and shake hands with the couple, then go out, L. The light dims gradually, and it is quite dark as the shadowy figures of ABE and ANN leave the stage, his arm around her waist. Immediately the GIRL'S voice breaks the silence.)

GIRL. Jim.

BOY. I'm here, Betty.

(His flashlight shines on her face.)

GIRL. Let's go now, Jim. *(They get up.)* I shall always remember them like that, happy and forever young.

(They find their way across the dim stage as the curtain falls.)

PRODUCTION NOTES

(The names, scene and most of the facts of this play are taken from Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln.")

STAGING

Nothing is absolutely needed but a bare stage. If there is available a backdrop showing a rolling countryside, that may be used, or, better still, a cyclorama or sky-dome, upon which lights may be thrown. But a background of dark curtains will do. If possible, the stage lights should be on a dimmer, so that they may go up and down gradually, and any twilight effects gained by the use of color will add to the effectiveness. But if nothing else can be done, the lights can just go out and on. In any case the effect should be only momentary and action (even in the darkness) or voices should succeed immediately.

COSTUMES

Men: Shirts, a few white, more of faded blue or red or brown, with soft, open collars. Trousers (uncreased) of dark brown or blue or tan, and possibly one or two of

buckskin, held up by galluses (suspenders) of a very simple sort. Shoes are rather short-topped boots, into which the trousers are stuffed, or heavy, clumsy shoes. Occasionally a young fellow might go barefooted. A few can wear vests, of a color different from the trousers, and unbuttoned, so that the modern cut is unnoticeable. Lincoln's costume is no exception, but Rutledge and Graham are more formally dressed. They wear shoes, with their trousers held tight by an elastic under the shoes. They wear coats, preferably the old-style tail-coat, which has a high, rolling collar, is double-breasted, cut away square across the front and has square tails. If that is not possible, they may wear old-fashioned frock-coats. With them should be worn high collars, the points coming up over the jaw, and stocks, black, white or colored. Hats need not be used, but if they are they may be black slouch-hats, old-fashioned "stove-pipes" or the even older beavers with flaring tops.

Women: Dresses of coarse calico in a simple sprigged pattern (dark colors) or plain-colored cotton or rough woolen, all rather dark. They have tight-fitting basques with plain sleeves, some rolled up over the elbow, round or small square necks finished with tiny white ruffles or small round white collars to the base of the throat, fastened with brooches. The skirts are very full and straight-gathered, reaching to ankle or instep. Do not use hoops, but very full petticoats of heavy muslin. Plain, flat-heeled shoes (oxfords will do) or ballet-slippers and thick stockings. Hair should be parted and drawn down over the ears and put in a bun in the back, or arranged in round, tight side-curls. Hats are not necessary. Shawls may be used, and aprons, not necessarily white.

"Dress Design," by Talbot Hughes, is a good reference-book for the period, but only the simplest designs given should be copied for this play.

THE DANCE

A fiddler is a great addition to the dance-scene, and if he can call out the figures in the old-style, rollicking way, that is most effective. Tune: "Turkey in the Straw" or "Pop Goes the Weasel." If such a person is not available, the dancers can supply their own music, rhythm and directions, thus: They all sing, clapping in time, to the tune best known as "Old John Brown Had a Little Injun," the directions for the dancing:

"Salute your partners and the Little Brass Wagon
(1, 2, or 3 times, as needed)

Fare you well, my darling."

And so on, throughout the dance.

DICTION

No attempt has been made to reproduce backwoods speech. It may be suggested, if desired, by dropping g's and contracting words, but it should not be heavily stressed.

HOUSES DIVIDED

BY MARION HOLBROOK

CHARACTERS

HATTIE PECK.

STEVE TAYLOR.

MIZ DUNLAP.

GRANDMA BURLEY.

OLD MAN PECK.

JUDGE TAYLOR.

SCENE.—*The setting is the living-room of OLD MAN PECK'S house in one of the Illinois towns where a Lincoln-Douglas debate was held. The room is furnished in the manner of the nineties, although the time is the present. U. C. is a large framed picture of Abraham Lincoln. Below it is a small table. There is a desk or secretary against wall, R. D. L. is OLD MAN PECK'S easy chair with a table L. of it on which are his books, the morning paper and a magnifying glass. There is another easy chair R. It is the morning of February 12th, some seventy-five years after the debates. Entrances are R. and L.*

(HATTIE, a young woman in her early thirties, is mounting a chair beside the picture. She wears a gingham housedress. STEVE, about the same age, raw-boned and uncertain of manner, stands looking at her. He holds two small American flags. He is the picture of helplessness. HATTIE is attractive and energetic. She can be helpful to everyone but HATTIE.)

STEVE. Don't you think you better let me get up there, Hattie?

HATTIE. Too late, Steve, I'm already up and I might as well stay.

STEVE. Sure you won't lose your balance?

HATTIE. After hanging curtains and washing windows for eleven years? No danger. Hand me the flags now, Steve.

STEVE. (*Handing her the flags which she arranges behind the picture*) I guess I'm too late about a lot of things, Hattie. I guess one of these days you'll say it's too late to get married.

HATTIE. Think so?

STEVE. Well, sometimes it seems like we're hoodooed.

HATTIE. Now what's the use of going into that, Steve? We just aren't smart enough to know what to do.

STEVE. Maybe you're right, Hattie. Maybe if I'd gone and got more education I'd know how to manage somehow.

HATTIE. (*Getting down*) Maybe.

STEVE. Are you getting awfully tired of waiting, Hattie?

HATTIE. Sometimes it's worse than that, Steve. I'm afraid I'm getting to be an old maid.

STEVE. Oh, shucks! You still don't look a day over twenty-five.

HATTIE. "Still." How long's that going to last?

STEVE. (*Disconsolately*) I suppose Grandpa'll live to be a hundred.

HATTIE. And I expect the Lord'll be real generous about sparing Grandpa Peck to me.

STEVE. There you are.

HATTIE. I suppose it's our cross to bear, Steve.

STEVE. Yeah.

(*Off stage the voice of MIZ DUNLAP is heard. "Hattie! You home, Hattie?"*)

HATTIE. (*Going to door L.*) Come right in, Miz Dunlap.

(*MIZ DUNLAP comes in. She is a neighborly soul in her late fifties. She wears a housedress over which she has thrown a shawl. She carries a bouquet of pink roses.*)

MIZ DUNLAP. 'Morning, Hattie. Guess you don't mind if I come in without stopping to knock.

HATTIE. Of course not.

MIZ DUNLAP. Good morning, Steve. How's your grandfather?

STEVE. (*Standing first on one foot and then on the other*) He's fine, thanks, Miz Dunlap.

MIZ DUNLAP. Here's some roses from the Hatfield funeral. I thought you might like to fix up a little on account of it being Lincoln's Birthday.

HATTIE. (*Taking the roses*) Why, thank you. That'll certainly please Grandpa.

MIZ DUNLAP. Better put 'em right in water. They was wired onto a standard.

HATTIE. I'll put them in a vase right away. They must have had a lot of flowers.

MIZ DUNLAP. My gracious, yes. More'n they could carry to the cemetery. When I think of all the trouble I have growing a few roses—what with the bugs and the blights—and all them flowers out there freezing up.

HATTIE. (*As she goes out, R.*) And Sol Hatfield didn't know a rose from a peony.

MIZ DUNLAP. Nor care to. (*She turns to STEVE.*) Well, Steve, how long's it going to be before you move your trunk over here and get settled down? Or is Hattie going over to your place?

STEVE. Well, folks have been asking that question of me for the last six years. Wish I knew, Miz Dunlap.

MIZ DUNLAP. Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained, Steve.

STEVE. You know, I promised Mother that I'd take care of Grandpa Taylor 'slong's he lives. And I guess everybody in town knows how he feels about Hattie's grandfather.

MIZ DUNLAP. I guess that argument is about as famous as the Lincoln-Douglas debate itself. (*HATTIE comes in with the roses in a pitcher which she places on the table under Lincoln's picture.*) I don't see what difference it makes which corner of the square they held the debate on, myself. It passes me how Old Man Peck and your grandfather can get mad over anything like that.

HATTIE. It wouldn't have mattered if Judge Taylor hadn't stood right up and called Grandpa a liar like he did. Right in the high school auditorium, too.

MIZ DUNLAP. And just to think, they was like David and Jonathan up until seven years ago! (*The knocker on the front door clangs. MIZ DUNLAP makes a move to go.*) There. You're getting company. I'll just go out the back door. I'm not fit to be seen.

HATTIE. (*As she goes out, L.*) Now you just sit down, Miz Dunlap. I'll go and see who it is.

MIZ DUNLAP. I'd ought to have warned Hattie. There's a man selling aluminum along the street.

STEVE. Oh, Hattie'll get rid of him. She's awfully capable. Hattie can do most anything.

MIZ DUNLAP. 'Cept get herself married to you.

(*Off stage HATTIE's voice is heard saying, "Come right in, Grandma Burley. Don't bother about the snow. It won't hurt the carpet."* HATTIE enters followed by GRANDMA BURLEY, a well-preserved old

lady of seventy-five. She wears a hat and coat and overshoes and is well bundled up.)

HATTIE. Here's Grandma Burley!

STEVE. Good morning, Miz Burley.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Good morning, Steve. You're just the person I'm looking for.

MIZ DUNLAP. Here, Grandma Burley, you take the easy chair.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Keep your seat. I can't stay but a minute. How's your arthritis this winter? Heard you was to Peoria to see a doctor.

MIZ DUNLAP. Yes, I read an ad in the paper. But I guess I won't get much ease 'til spring.

GRANDMA BURLEY. I wouldn't wonder. Winter's hard on the bones. (To HATTIE.) But what I come about was to tell you and Steve that I'm going to fix it so's you can get married this Easter.

STEVE. Wh-what's that?

HATTIE. This Easter!

MIZ DUNLAP. Anyone can see you've got something up your sleeve.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Now listen and do like I say. I've got it all thought out in my mind. Steve, you go home and tell your grandfather that Old Man Peck's invited him over for a little visit this morning. And you make a lot over its being Lincoln's Birthday and how he wants to talk over old times.

STEVE. He wouldn't listen to me, Grandma Burley. Besides, you don't know how I've tried ——

GRANDMA BURLEY. And Hattie, you tell your grandfather that Judge Taylor wants to come and see him. You better mention Lincoln, too.

HATTIE. But, Grandma Burley, you don't know how Grandpa feels about ——

GRANDMA BURLEY. Land, Hattie! Everyone in town knows how those two old men feel toward each

other. Here I come over in the midst of my baking to fix things up for you and Steve, and you stand and argue with me. You do just as I say, Steve. And you, too, Hattie. Do you know that the population of this town is getting smaller every year? You'd ought to be ashamed.

HATTIE. But what are you going to do?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Just leave that to me. I'm going to settle the argument about where that debate was held once and for all.

HATTIE. We might try, Steve. Things couldn't be any worse.

STEVE. I guess not, Hattie. If you say so, I'll go talk to Grandpa.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Come on, Steve. You better act while your mind's made up. And you can just walk by my door with me if you don't mind.

STEVE. I'll be glad to.

GRANDMA BURLEY. I'll be watching from my kitchen window, Hattie. Just let 'em sit down and talk and when I think it's about the right time, I'll come over. All right, Steve, come on. (*As they go out, L.*) Some of these sidewalks are mighty slippery and I don't aim to break a leg at my time of life.

MIZ DUNLAP. (*When they are off*) Now what do you suppose she's up to?

HATTIE. I don't know. She's got me all excited. Just feel my hands.

MIZ DUNLAP. Mercy! You're as cold as ice. Remember one thing, Hattie. I'm baking the wedding cake. I've been waiting six years and I don't aim to be shut out by a caterer.

HATTIE. Oh, I can't think as far as a wedding cake. It doesn't seem as if it could ever come out all right.

MIZ DUNLAP. You won't make a bad-looking bride, Hattie. Though if I was you I wouldn't go in for all white.

HATTIE. No, I'm going to use a kind of ecru. I've had it all planned for a long time. (*She listens.*) I hear Grandpa coming downstairs. You stay a minute. I've got to get up courage to speak to him.

MIZ DUNLAP. My gracious! I'll bet you wish Abraham Lincoln'd never been born!

HATTIE. Oh, no. I couldn't wish that. But if it hadn't been for Stephen A. Douglas —— (*She sighs.*)

(GRANDPA PECK comes in, R. *He is a hale old man in his eighties. He walks with the aid of a cane.*)

MIZ DUNLAP. Good morning, Mr. Peck.

OLD MAN PECK. Good morning, Miz Dunlap. (*He sees the decorations around the picture.*) Well! Guess I'm not the only one in the house that knows what day this is. Well, that's mighty nice of you to fix them, Hattie.

HATTIE. Miz Dunlap brought the flowers.

OLD MAN PECK. That's mighty nice of you then, Miz Dunlap. (*He makes his way to his chair.*) It behooves us all to stop and do reverence to the memory of Abraham Lincoln today. (*He seats himself.*) Since I retired from business I have given up a great deal of my time to making a study of the life of Abraham Lincoln. And I defy you, Miz Dunlap, to show me a greater man, or a better man.

MIZ DUNLAP. That's right, Mr. Peck.

OLD MAN PECK. Remember what he said when Douglas beat him for the senatorship?

MIZ DUNLAP. Don't know that I do.

OLD MAN PECK. He said, "Though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone." (*He chuckles.*) He knew darn well he wouldn't be forgotten. Do you think, Miz Dun-

lap, that the people of Illinois could forget Lincoln in 1858?

MIZ DUNLAP. I guess not, Mr. Peck.

OLD MAN PECK. Well, what d'you think they did in 1860?

MIZ DUNLAP. In 1860? Now let me see ——

OLD MAN PECK. (*Undisturbed by her ignorance*) They nominated him for president of the United States. That's how much they forgot Mr. Lincoln.

HATTIE. (*Nervously*) Grandpa, you didn't forget your medicine after breakfast, did you?

OLD MAN PECK. Now just a minute, Hattie, let me finish. And do you know, Miz Dunlap, what Lincoln did when he got through writing his letter of acceptance of the nomination for president of the United States?

MIZ DUNLAP. My gracious, no. It's a long time since I went to school.

OLD MAN PECK. He took it to Dr. Newton Bateman, the State Superintendent of Education, to see if 'twas all right and proper. Think of Lincoln doing that! That's one of the things I honor him most for.

MIZ DUNLAP. I don't suppose Abraham Lincoln'd have made mistakes, anyhow.

OLD MAN PECK. (*Chuckling*) He did, though. Bateman found a split infinitive.

MIZ DUNLAP. A what?

OLD MAN PECK. A split infinitive.

MIZ DUNLAP. Oh. Humph.

OLD MAN PECK. (*Thumping a book*) It's all in this book. Any time you want to read it I'll be glad to lend it to you. (*He adjusts his spectacles and opens the newspaper which he reads with the aid of a magnifying glass.*)

HATTIE. Grandpa, did you take your medicine?

OLD MAN PECK. Hattie, if all the medicine in the town was to be dumped in Frank Campbell's corn field,

there wouldn't be any more folks die next year than last.

HATTIE. Maybe so, but you'll go right on taking yours.

OLD MAN PECK. When you've lived as long as I have, you get on to these doctors. Been fooling them for fifteen years or more.

HATTIE. If you didn't take it, it's not too late now.

OLD MAN PECK. (*Testily*) Didn't you hear me say I took it?

MIZ DUNLAP. Well, I've got to be going. You ring me up, Hattie, and let me know.

HATTIE. (*Following her to the door, L.*) I will. As soon as it's over I'll give you a ring. I sort of wish I hadn't promised now.

MIZ DUNLAP. Don't be foolish, Hattie. Grandma Burley's a mighty smart old lady. Good-bye, Mr. Peck.

OLD MAN PECK. Oh. Good day, Miz Dunlap.

[MIZ DUNLAP *goes out.*]

(GRANDPA *goes on reading his paper. HATTIE stands in the middle of the room, uncertain how to begin.*)

HATTIE. Grandpa, I've got something to tell you. I hope it won't make you mad.

OLD MAN PECK. 'Tain't often I get mad at you, is it, Hattie?

HATTIE. No. But this is about Judge Taylor.

OLD MAN PECK. (*Letting his paper fall*) Oh. About him, is it?

HATTIE. Steve says that Judge Taylor wants to come over and talk to you.

OLD MAN PECK. What's he want to talk to me about?

HATTIE. I expect about Abraham Lincoln—or maybe Steve and me getting married.

OLD MAN PECK. (*Angrily*) I'll never live under the

same roof with him, Hattie. Don't you go planning to get me in the same house with Amos Taylor, d'you hear?

HATTIE. Oh, it's not anything like that. I'm sure it's not.

OLD MAN PECK. Maybe Amos sees the light and wants to apologize to me for the wrong he did me. Well, no time like today for him to do that.

HATTIE. Oh, Grandpa, if Judge Taylor comes over, please don't get started on *that* again.

(The knocker clangs. HATTIE hesitates.)

OLD MAN PECK. There's the door, Hattie. Go answer it. Might be Amos now.

HATTIE. If it is, promise me you won't quarrel.

OLD MAN PECK. Don't keep people standing out in the cold, Hattie!

HATTIE. You wouldn't quarrel on Lincoln's Birthday, would you?

OLD MAN PECK. Are you going to the door or will I have to go myself?

HATTIE. Promise me!

OLD MAN PECK. All right, Hattie. All right.

[HATTIE goes out.]

(GRANDPA PECK drums nervously on his chair. HATTIE comes back with JUDGE TAYLOR. He is about the same age as OLD MAN PECK. He also walks with a cane. OLD MAN PECK rises and goes to greet him, standing on his dignity, however.)

HATTIE. Come right in and make yourself at home, Judge Taylor. It's mighty nice to see you.

JUDGE TAYLOR. *(Also ceremonious)* Thank you, Hattie.

OLD MAN PECK. It was mighty nice of you to come over, Amos.

JUDGE TAYLOR. I appreciated having the opportunity, John.

OLD MAN PECK. Well, sit down. Sit down. Hattie, pull up a chair for the judge.

(HATTIE *pulls another easy chair near OLD MAN PECK's chair and the two old men seat themselves.*)

JUDGE TAYLOR. Thank you, Hattie.

HATTIE. (*Meaningly*) Don't forget what you promised, Grandpa.

OLD MAN PECK. What was that? Oh, yes. Yes, that's all right. You just run along and let Amos and me talk.

HATTIE. Besides, Grandma Burley's likely to come in any minute!

[*She goes out, R., with a doubtful glance at them.*]

JUDGE TAYLOR. Who'd she say was coming over?

OLD MAN PECK. She said Amanda Burley.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Oh. Amanda was one of the Potter girls, wasn't she?

OLD MAN PECK. No. She came here from Danville when she married Sam Burley. Don't know for sure what her maiden name was.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Pshaw! She was Newton Potter's sister. I stood up with her and Sam when they got married.

OLD MAN PECK. Well, now I recollect. Guess I've got her mixed with some other girl Sam used to court.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Guess you have. (*Pause.*) John, a—a—Steve's been talking to me about him and Hattie wantin' to get married before long.

OLD MAN PECK. That so?

JUDGE TAYLOR. Seems like the only way is for you and me to make up our minds to go and live with them.

OLD MAN PECK. (*On guard*) You mean for you and me to go live with them?

JUDGE TAYLOR. Yes. Steve wants to buy the old Knowles place so's to have plenty of room.

OLD MAN PECK. I don't cotton to that idea.

JUDGE TAYLOR. What say?

OLD MAN PECK. I say I don't like it!

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Crossly*) What don't you like about it?

OLD MAN PECK. (*Glaring at the judge*) I guess I'm not obliged to spend my last days under the same roof with a man that calls me a liar.

JUDGE TAYLOR. I passed my word to Steve not to talk about that.

OLD MAN PECK. Amos, the time has come to settle this once and for all. You called me a liar to my teeth and you've got to take it back.

JUDGE TAYLOR. John, when you stood up on that platform and said that the Lincoln-Douglas debate was held on the northwest corner of the square it was the blackest misrepresentation of the history of this town! I wouldn't stand for it then and I won't stand for it now. That debate was held on the *southeast* corner.

OLD MAN PECK. Amos, you're a guest in my house and I'll allow that you think you're right. But look here. (*He indicates a square with his cane in the space between their chairs.*) Say this is the public square. Now I was standing here and my father lifted me on his shoulders so's I could get a good look at Douglas. But I didn't see Douglas. I never saw Stephen A. Douglas in my life because I missed the only chance I ever had. I was looking at something else. (*He pauses impressively.*)

JUDGE TAYLOR. Well, what'd you look at?

OLD MAN PECK. I looked across a lot of high silk hats and I recognized our horse Betsy standing right over here at the horse trough. And the horse trough

was in the northwest corner of the square! So you see, I've got proof.

JUDGE TAYLOR. No, John, you've got that twisted. The horse trough must've been right over here. (*Indicating another corner with his cane.*) I was sitting on the wagon seat beside my mother and she read me what it said on the banner that was hanging over the post office. And I'll be hornswaggled if the post office wasn't on the southeast corner of the square, John Peck.

OLD MAN PECK. (*Beginning to get excited*) Goldurn it, Amos. It wasn't the post office you were looking at—'twas the livery stable!

JUDGE TAYLOR. It was the post office!

OLD MAN PECK. You mean to tell me the horse trough was in front of the *post office*!

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Furiously*) I don't care especially where the horse trough was. I'm telling you that my sainted mother read "Abe the Giant Killer" from a banner that was hung on the post office and the post office was on the southeast corner of the square—right behind the speakers' stand.

OLD MAN PECK. Amos, you old fool, you don't think I've forgotten where the post office stood, do you? I'm sorry for you. You just haven't kept your memory.

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Rising*) You tell me I've lost my memory? John Peck, I called you a liar ten years ago and I say it again!

OLD MAN PECK. (*Rising, shaking with rage*) You call me a liar under my own roof!

JUDGE TAYLOR. You're perpetrating a falsehood and I'm not a-going to stand for it, not if it takes the last breath in my body.

OLD MAN PECK. I'm telling the everlasting truth! I swear by the sacred memory of Abraham Lincoln that I —

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Shaking his cane at OLD MAN PECK*) Stop that! Stop that, you old reprobate!

Don't you dare use the name of Abraham Lincoln with a lie on your lips! Foisting a lie on the people of this town, you old ——

OLD MAN PECK. Amos Taylor, you can't stay in my house and talk to me like that. (GRANDMA BURLEY enters, L., and stands listening.) I'll give you just three minutes to —— (He sees the change in JUDGE TAYLOR's expression, turns and sees GRANDMA BURLEY.) Well—well—you just come in, Amanda?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Heard a lot of shouting and walked in to see what 'twas about.

OLD MAN PECK. Amos and I were just talkin' over old times. Well—guess you know Judge Taylor, don't you?

GRANDMA BURLEY. 'Course I do.

OLD MAN PECK. Sit down. Have a chair.

(She seats herself. The men return to their chairs and hitch them around slightly toward GRANDMA BURLEY who sits down R.)

GRANDMA BURLEY. How are you, Amos?

JUDGE TAYLOR. I'm all right, thank you, Amanda. John and I were just reminiscing and I was saying that I stood up with you and Sam.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Guess you're mistaken about that, Amos. Sam and I went over to Danville to get married.

OLD MAN PECK. (Giving the judge a superior glance) Used to live in Danville, didn't you?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Sakes, no! Just went over to my Aunt Carrie's for the wedding.

JUDGE TAYLOR. (Determined to have his innings) Wasn't Newt Potter your brother?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Newton Potter was my first cousin. (Both men look foolish. GRANDMA BURLEY is extremely self-possessed and is apparently enjoying

herself.) Well, I suppose you boys have heard the news about the new monument.

JUDGE TAYLOR. What new monument?

GRANDMA BURLEY. The statue of Abraham Lincoln that the Woman's Relief Corp is putting up in the public square.

OLD MAN PECK. No! You don't say!

GRANDMA BURLEY. Yes. We decided to mark the spot where the Lincoln-Douglas debate was held.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Eh!

OLD MAN PECK. On the spot of the debate?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Ain't that a good idea?

OLD MAN PECK. Where're you going to put it?

GRANDMA BURLEY. I told you—where the debate was held.

OLD MAN PECK. On the northwest corner, eh?

GRANDMA BURLEY. I said where we intend to put it, didn't I?

JUDGE TAYLOR. Amanda means on the southeast corner, I reckon.

GRANDMA BURLEY. (*Rising*) Catfish! You and your corners! We're going to put it where it belongs—right in the center of the square!

OLD MAN PECK. (*Rising*) You mean—you—you—— (*He sinks down, nonplussed.*)

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Sharply*) You got the dater on that, Amanda?

GRANDMA BURLEY. I don't suppose the Illinois State Historical Society would put us wrong on it.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Well, I'll *be*!

(*There is a moment's silence. GRANDMA BURLEY chortles to herself.*)

OLD MAN PECK. (*Miserably*) Guess that makes me out a liar all right. — Lying in the name of Abraham Lincoln!

JUDGE TAYLOR. Doesn't let me out either. Guess I've been just as big a liar. Still, we thought we was right—both of us. (*He turns slowly and looks at the picture of Lincoln. He begins to chuckle.*) You know, John, Abe up there—he's prob'bly been saying to himself, "Look at those two old fools!"

OLD MAN PECK. (*Looking at the picture*) Humph! That's just about how he'd feel. What say we let bygones be bygones, Amos?

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Holding out his hand which OLD MAN PECK takes*) That's about the smartest thing we could do.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Well! Now you've got that settled, how about lettin' Steve and Hattie get married?

JUDGE TAYLOR. Guess we never raised any objections to that, Amanda.

OLD MAN PECK. 'Twouldn't be so bad—sitting out under those trees at the Knowles place, Amos.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Darned if it would, John. Regular old men's home for the two of us. Eh?

OLD MAN PECK. Yes. Real comfortable, too.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Say, d'I ever show you that letter that my Uncle Lem wrote home after the battle of Antietam?

OLD MAN PECK. Don't believe you did.

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*Eagerly, as he gets up*) Put on your coat and hat and come over to my house. I've got a lot of keepsakes stowed away.

(*They get up.*)

OLD MAN PECK. I'd like very much indeed to see 'em, Amos. Guess the Historical Society would like to get ahold of 'em. Eh?

JUDGE TAYLOR. (*As they start out*) Guess they would, all right. But I'll hang on to 'em. Time enough after I'm gone.

OLD MAN PECK. I hope you'll excuse us, Amanda.

GRANDMA BURLEY. I certainly will.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Maybe you'd like to come along and read some of those letters.

GRANDMA BURLEY. Land, *no!* I've got somethin' more interestin' to think about.

(The two men start out and HATTIE comes in just in time to see them.)

HATTIE. Grandpa, where're you going?

OLD MAN PECK. I'm going over to Amos's for a little while. Don't you go worrying about me. I'll be all right.

[They go out, L.]

HATTIE. I can't believe my eyes! How did you do it, Grandma Burley?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Oh, 'twasn't much trouble. I just got myself appointed chairman of the Memorial Committee and I told them right plump and plain where I wanted that statue put.

HATTIE. You did what?

GRANDMA BURLEY. Oh, never mind. Get along now and ring up Steve. If he gets a move on, you can get married before Lent instead of Easter.

HATTIE. Oh, I can't ever thank you enough, Grandma Burley.

GRANDMA BURLEY. That's all right. Just ask me to the christenin' !

(HATTIE, laughing in embarrassment, goes out.

GRANDMA BURLEY looks after her, her face beaming with satisfaction, as the curtain falls.)

WHY LINCOLN WEPT

BY DOROTHY CHENEY

CHARACTERS

LITTLE JIMMY.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER ETHAN STILLWATER.

ETHAN STILLWATER, *as a young man.*

DR. ALEXANDER MUDD.

MRS. MUDD.

ANN MUDD, *their daughter.*

ALEX MUDD, *their son.*

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

ACCOMPLICE.

JULES, *negro servant.*

ANN MUDD (*four year later*).

ALEX MUDD (*four years later*).

PROLOGUE

This scene is done in front of the curtains. Lights are on dimly. There is a park bench in the center of front stage, and a spotlight, overhead, casts a direct light into the wings, where you are to imagine you see the statue of Lincoln.

(As the lights go on, a little boy and an old man of ninety, wearing a Confederate uniform, are walking slowly.)

JIMMY. (*As he pulls the old man along*) Is it much farther, Great-granddaddy?

ETHAN STILLWATER. Just a little way, Jimmy. Not

tired, are you? We could turn back and see the statue of Lincoln some other day.

JIMMY. Oh, no, this is a very special day, and I'd rather see it today because it's his birthday 'n' you could tell me if it looks just like you remember him. Quick, Great-granddaddy! 'There it is! Up there! See!

ETHAN. (*Chuckling*) So it is. So it is. It's been there for years, son. I reckon it won't disappear out of this park before we get to it.

(The two stand under the spotlight looking into the wings.)

JIMMY. Great-granddaddy Ethan! You never told me that Abraham Lincoln ever cried. You said he was a very brave man. Look—here where my finger is pointing—see that big stone tear? Was he crying when the man made the statue of him? Or what, Granddad, do you know?

ETHAN. Perhaps I do. Come, Jimmy, and I'll tell you the legend of the weeping statue. Let's sit on this bench. (*They sit; the old man closes his eyes, JIMMY listens intently.*) It must have been about four o'clock on a cloudy morning in April, 1865, when the whole thing started—although, come to think of it—it all started that night—much earlier—but I'm getting ahead of my story — (*Lights begin to dim here.*) On the top of a hill in Charles County, Maryland, stood a beautiful country home. Inside, the occupants, Dr. Mudd and his wife, her brother, Ethan Stillwater —

JIMMY. His name is just like yours, Great-granddaddy Ethan!

ETHAN. That's right, just like mine—and Dr. Mudd's two children were all fast asleep. Outside, in the distance, two tiny specks on horseback moved slowly, slowly bringing disaster and shame on the sleeping household —

(Lights that are gradually dimming now black out, to give them an opportunity to step in back of the curtain with the bench.)

SCENE I

(The curtain opens slowly on a dark stage, lighted only by the low flame of a small oil lamp. The dim outline shows a well furnished living-room with a staircase [if possible] on the L.—a window, a door leading to outdoors in C. back and a door R. As the curtain opens the sound of hoofbeats can be heard coming in the distance—they grow louder and louder followed by two voices saying “Whoa!” Loud rapping is heard on the door, after a pause it starts again, and after the third insistent rap a man appears in nightdress and bathrobe, followed by a woman similarly clothed. She is carrying a small candle. As she appears more stage lights are put on.)

DR. MUDD. Why do people have to get sick in the middle of the night?

MRS. MUDD. Middle of the night? Why, it's four o'clock in the morning!

(Knocking starts again.)

DR. MUDD. I'm coming! I'm coming!

(When he opens the door, two men are seen standing there, one leaning heavily on the other.)

ACCOMPLICE. Is there a doctor here? Is this a doctor's house? We were told down this road——

DR. MUDD. Come in—come in—— Don't stand

there. I'm a doctor—I'm Doctor Mudd. Come in. (*Meanwhile MRS. MUDD has crossed to the little table near the settee to turn up the oil lamp light.*) Get some hot water, Ann.

(*ACCOMPLICE helps BOOTH over to the settee. BOOTH is about thirty years of age, tall, spare build, and wearing a large mustache. He wears no hat and his dark, bushy hair is blown and disordered. The ACCOMPLICE is shorter, with bleary, restless eyes and a receding chin. His hat is jammed down tightly on his head. A boy, about eighteen years of age, comes down the stairs.*)

BOOTH. (*Crossly*) Who's that?

ETHAN STILLWATER. Anything wrong, Alex?

DR. MUDD. Just an unexpected patient, Ethan. (*Then, surprised at the tone, he turns to BOOTH and says:*) Why, this is Mrs. Mudd's young brother, Ethan Stillwater, who is home from war on sick leave.

BOOTH. (*Grunting*) Huh!

(*Children, about the age of twelve, dressed in night-gowns, appear.*)

YOUNG ANN. We heard a noise, Father.

YOUNG ALEX. We thought we heard a noise, Mother.

DR. MUDD. Now everything's all right. Run back to bed again and Ethan will tuck you in.

YOUNG ANN. (*Unwillingly*) All right, Father.

YOUNG ALEX. (*Reluctantly*) Good night, Father and Mother. Come, Uncle Ethan.

(*They leave but with backward glances at the strangers.*)

ETHAN. I'll be upstairs if you need me, Alex.

DR. MUDD. I'll manage, though this looks like a compound fracture. (*Feels leg.*) Get some splints, Ann. (*To BOOTH, indicating his boot.*) I'll have to cut this.

BOOTH. (*Impatiently*) Then cut it and be done with it! And make it quick!

(*As DR. MUDD goes through the motions of setting the leg, BOOTH winces.*)

DR. MUDD. Come far?

(*Silence as the two men look at each other.*)

ACCOMPLICE. Tell us where we are and we'll tell you how far we came.

DR. MUDD. (*As he continues bandaging*) This is Charles County, Maryland.

ACCOMPLICE. We came about thirty miles.

DR. MUDD. (*Surprised*) Haven't you passed a doctor in thirty miles?

BOOTH. Of course. But I just fell off my horse over by the Ridge outside of the town. When we came to the town they directed us up here. You're far out of the way up here. (*Narrowly watching the doctor.*) A bit out of touch with the world, aren't you?

DR. MUDD. Yes, but we like it that way, my wife and I. People come up here just the same, although we do get out of touch with things in general. Why, it was several days before we heard that Lee surrendered to Grant. (*After a pause.*) It seems to me that the best thing for you to do is to stay off that leg for a day or two. It would be fatal for you to ride right away—Mr.—er—er——

ACCOMPLICE. Mr. Robinson. And mine's Jones.

DR. MUDD. Mr. Robinson, are you ——? (*The actor who played in etc., etc.*)

BOOTH. We're pushing on.

DR. MUDD. (*Amiably*) I don't think so, young man. I wouldn't vouch for your recovery if you move that leg before forty-eight hours. Come, now, nothing can be so urgent. I can put you both up for a few days.

(*The strangers look at each other.*)

ACCOMPLICE. All right.

DR. MUDD. I'll call my wife.

[*He leaves.*]

BOOTH. You fool!

ACCOMPLICE. It will be at least a day until the newspapers get up here. We can lay over for a few hours anyway. We need —— Sh-sh, here they come ——

MRS. MUDD. I can put you both in one of the downstairs bedrooms. Wouldn't that be best, Alex? Come with me and I'll show you the way.

(*She leads with a candle toward the right stage door. The ACCOMPLICE, being shorter, stands on BOOTH's right; while DR. MUDD supports BOOTH on the left as they move slowly toward right side of the stage.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

SCENE II

(*The curtain opens on the same scene only in late afternoon. MRS. MUDD is sewing on the settee. DR. MUDD is reading a medical book. The children are playing at the table beside him.*)

DR. MUDD. (*Placing his finger in his book and looking off into space*) Tsk-tsk-tsk. (*Shaking his head.*)

MRS. MUDD. I suppose you are still thinking of those

two men. I, for one, am glad they left so early this morning, strange as it was ——

DR. MUDD. Strange! It was madness!

MRS. MUDD. I suppose they know what they are about, Alex, but for my part, I think it is just as well. I'm not so sure that I liked the strange, secret way they acted ——

DR. MUDD. So you felt it, too! They lied—I am sure! I knew by the condition of that leg that the accident happened long before they reached the outside of the town!

MRS. MUDD. They're gone, Alex, and that's all that matters.

(There is complete silence for a moment which is broken by the entrance of the negro servant, very agitated and with eyes popping.)

JULES. 'Scuse me, Ma'am—'scuse me, Boss, but I've got some powerful bad news to repart to you-all. He's *dead*, sah, stone dead!

DR. MUDD. *(Jumping up)* Who's dead? What's the matter with you? Jules, what are you talking about?

JULES. The President, sah, President Lincum —— It was in the special rudition of the paper, sah. Shot, Massa Mudd, he was shot ——!

(Door opens and ETHAN bursts in waving a newspaper.)

ETHAN. So you know?

DR. MUDD. Jules says ——

ETHAN. He's right—shot at Ford's Theatre last evening during the play, "The American Cousin." They daggered Secretary Seward in his bed—but he's expected to live.

DR. MUDD. They? Who?

ETHAN. No one knows. But they suspect John Wilkes Booth, the actor, who is said to be a rabid secessionist —

DR. MUDD. What more does the paper say?

MRS. MUDD. How horrible—and with peace just gained.

ETHAN. The whole Cabinet was at his bedside when he died. The paper says that it was very touching as Secretary Stanton put his head down on Lincoln's pillow and wept like a child saying, "Now he belongs to the ages!" The paper continues—"The theatre was densely crowded. During the third act and while there was a temporary pause for one of the actors to enter, the sharp report of a pistol was heard, which merely attracted attention but suggested nothing serious—until a man rushed to the front of the President's box, waving a long dagger and exclaiming, 'Sic, semper tyrannis, the South is avenged!' Immediately he leaped from the box to the stage beneath and running across to the opposite side he dropped his hat and pistol. Lieutenant Rathburn caught the assassin by the arm who struck him with his knife, making his escape. He mounted his horse and fled. (*Here ETHAN turns the pages of the newspaper and continues:*) Two assassins were engaged in the horrible crime—Wilkes Booth and another whose name is not known but whose description is so clear he cannot possibly get away. It appears from papers found in Booth's trunk that the murder was planned for the fourth of March but fell through until Richmond could be heard from. One of the assassins, or both, evidently made their way to Baltimore."

MRS. MUDD. Baltimore! (*With her hand grasping her throat.*)

ETHAN. "The person who fired the pistol was a man about thirty years of age, about five feet, nine inches

tall, of spare build, fair skin, dark hair, rather bushy, has a large mustache and is ——”

(*As ETHAN starts the description, DR. MUDD paces the room, nervously.*)

DR. MUDD. No, no, it couldn't be —— (*They all look at him.*) Leave the room, Jules. And you two children, run up to bed.

(*They leave—children going L.—Jules to the R.—glancing back.*)

MRS. MUDD. Alex, don't do anything foolish!

DR. MUDD. It's my duty to my country, Ann. Those men who left here this morning *must* have been the assassins ——

ETHAN. Doctor, keep silent for the sake of your wife and children. It's too late for you to help. Excitement is running high. They will blame anyone, *anyone*, at all. They won't believe you—the country is mad with anger. Why they'll throw you in jail or have you hanged!

MRS. MUDD. Alex, I beg of you ——

DR. MUDD. They *must* believe me. I owe it to our brave president to help bring those men to justice. (*Takes hat from the rack.*) I'll only be gone a few days.

MRS. MUDD. No, Alex, don't, please—it's too late. You can't help now.

(*DR. MUDD goes out—ETHAN stands with back to the audience. MRS. MUDD drops into the chair—her head in her hands.*)

SLOW CURTAIN

SCENE III

(*Same scene, four years later, all signs of wealth gone. As the curtain opens, MRS. MUDD is seen sewing, the children, now older, play at the table while ETHAN paces the room.*)

MRS. MUDD. What time is it, Ethan?

ETHAN. Don't be impatient, Ann.

MRS. MUDD. Four years is a long time to be patient, Ethan. Four years since he went out that door.

ETHAN. Now, Ann, be calm. When he comes in that door tonight, let's not let him know what the four years have done to all of us. Let's think only of what those years have done to him.

MRS. MUDD. To his spirit. He was so proud. Imagine how he must have felt, enduring the hatred of the negro guards—the unkindness of his fellow prisoners—putting in twelve hours a day at hard labor under a boiling sun, his legs weighted down with heavy irons. I can't bear the thought of it.

ETHAN. It's all over now.

ALEX. But he was a hero, wasn't he, Uncle Ethan? And once he tried to escape but the sharks almost got him.

ANN. He did save the lives of the other prisoners, didn't he?

ALEX. Tell us again, Uncle Ethan, what happened after the soldiers came down with yellow fever? Didn't Father save them? And weren't the ships afraid to stop at the prison fort because of the yellow fever? Didn't hundreds die?

ETHAN. You've told it better than I could.

MRS. MUDD. Now, children, (*she stands and walks slowly to c. stage*) Uncle Ethan has told you over and over everything that he has been able to find out.

ALEX. What happened after the fort's doctor died? Didn't they take Father out of his solitary dungeon and let him help?

ETHAN. Yes. Your father volunteered his services after the yellow fever broke out. Day and night he worked heroically among the other prisoners while his own temperature was up to 102. Those who weren't too sick protested against him. They said that they would have nothing to do with him because they believed him to be in some way guilty of Lincoln's death.

ANN. And then, you said, when they found he was so kind and gentle they knew that he never had anything to do with it —

ETHAN. That's right.

ALEX. And when the epidemic was over, the prisoners were so grateful that they got up a petition addressed to President Johnson asking for Father's release.

ANN. But it never reached the White House, did it, Uncle Ethan?

ETHAN. No, it didn't. You remember, I told you that a new commanding officer was put in charge of the prison and he sent your father back to his chains.

MRS. MUDD. And now, God bless President Johnson for letting him come back to us. S-h-h-h. Do I hear him coming?

ETHAN. I think it's only the wind. It's early yet. But I'll go down the hill and see. [Exits.

MRS. MUDD. (*Standing*) Children, we want you to remember that your father will be changed. He's been through so much. He's suffered terribly. Remember, when he comes in that door that he hasn't seen you since you were small children and it will come as a shock to him that you have grown older. Don't you let him see that you are surprised that he, too, has been touched by the passing of time.

CHILDREN. Yes, Mother. All right, Mother.

(They continue to wait. ANN goes to the window as the sound of hoofbeats is heard in the distance. They grow louder as she cries.)

ANN. He's coming! Mother!

(ALEX runs to the window and cries.)

ALEX. Yes, Mother, he's coming!

(MRS. MUDD fluffs the pillows—while ALEX runs to the door. Off stage sounds of "Whoa"—"Thank you" and "Good-bye!" After ALEX pushes the door open, DR. MUDD slowly enters, leaning on a cane, bent over and with gray hair.)

DR. MUDD. *(Looking slowly from one to the other)*
ANN!

MRS. MUDD. Alex! *(She hurries to him, placing her arms around him to support him.)*

DR. MUDD. *(Sits on the settee. Young ALEX takes his hat, placing it on the rack. The doctor looks from one child to the other)* And my little children! *(Little ANN sits at his feet.)* I'm home again, Ann, do you realize? Home!

FAST CURTAIN

EPILOGUE

(As the curtain closes on SCENE III JIMMY and ETHAN are following it ready to place the bench outside the curtain during the brief black-out. When the lights go on JIMMY and ETHAN are seated as in the Prologue.)

ETHAN. For fifteen years after his return to his home, Dr. Mudd, broken in spirit and in health; aged beyond his years, tried to regain his place in the community. However, the only patients he had were those who were too poor to be able to snub his services, and, on one zero cold night when he went forth to tend a little sick boy, Dr. Mudd contracted pneumonia and died. The legend goes that Lincoln, who gave his life that there might be justice and tolerance among men, weeps for this man who was made a slave to injustice and intolerance.

JIMMY. It's a very sad story, Great-granddaddy Ethan.

ETHAN. It is, Jimmy, but unlike most sad stories it has a happy ending. There were those who interested themselves in clearing the memory and good name of Dr. Mudd, and now Fort Jefferson, off Key West, Florida, has been set aside by President Roosevelt as a national monument to Dr. Mudd. And now (*they both stand*) who knows, perhaps in that heaven reserved for men who serve their country well, Lincoln smiles and says, "When you came here, Dr. Mudd, only God and I knew that you were innocent—now the world knows!"

(Black-out to permit them to step behind the curtains.)

THE DAY THAT LINCOLN DIED

BY PRESCOTT WARREN and WILL HUTCHINS

CHARACTERS

SQUIRE ROCKWOOD, *aged 60.*

GEORGE ROCKWOOD, *his son, aged 22.*

EZRA MIDDLETON, *Mrs. Rockwood's brother, aged 50.*

BUD WILDER, *aged 16.*

LAWYER BRADLEY, *aged 50.*

SUSIE BRADLEY, *his daughter, aged 20.*

MRS. ROCKWOOD, *aged 55.*

TIME.—*Late forenoon, April 15, 1865.*

SCENE.—*The front yard of SQUIRE ROCKWOOD's place, a short distance from a remote village in Maine. On R. is the front porch of the Rockwood house. The backdrop shows the fields. At L. is the walk leading to the road to the village. At L. front is a large oak tree, around the base of which is built an old-fashioned circular bench.*

(The curtain discloses MRS. ROCKWOOD busily brushing some very much worn stripling's garments, and hanging them to air on a line strung along the porch, humming snatches of a hymn-tune. SQUIRE saunters in from R. rear, and stops in front of porch. He has a stick in his hand, which he continues to whittle.)

SQUIRE. Think them'll fit him now, Ma? He's bigger'n he was.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. He's grown past all belief. But

he's got to wear something, ain't he? He can't go on wearing that uniform the rest of his natural life.

SQUIRE. Wa'al, he's worn the uniform for four years now, and nobody's got a better right to it. If it was good enough for him to wear when he shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, I reckon folks up here can stand it for a spell. Mighty becomin' too, I call it.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. It may have been becomin' once, but it's kinder shabby now.

SQUIRE. Wa'al, I cac'late your duds would look kinder shabby if you'd hoofed it from Atlanta to the sea.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. It was certainly too shabby to wear down to the village, seein' people he hain't seen for four years. Does seem as if he might 'a' stayed with his own folks, the first morning home.

SQUIRE. I guess, Ma, he's kinder proud of it. Anyhow, he'll be back pretty soon; said he was only goin' down the road a piece.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Looking up with alarm*) Did he?

SQUIRE. Yes.—Maybe he wanted to see some one particular.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Susie Bradley, like as not!

SQUIRE. Like as not.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Does seem as though he'd have more sense than to go traipsin' down there, after the way Lawyer Bradley always treated him. As much as told him to keep away once.

(SQUIRE *crosses and sits on stool in front of porch.*

MRS. ROCKWOOD *sits on step and pares potatoes.*)

SQUIRE. They was younger then, Ma. A gal grows up between sixteen and twenty, and I guess George thinks a sergeant's uniform'll take him most anywhere, now. And besides, whatever he may 'a' done once, Tom Bradley ain't a-goin' to slam the door in the face of any

man who was sent for to shake hands with Abraham Lincoln, even if the feller does get a peep at his precious daughter.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. I guess she ain't any more precious than my boy. There ain't a girl in Maine that's good enough for *him*.

SQUIRE. They's some pretty good girls in Maine, Ma; and seems as if I remember my ma used to have some such notion about me. I guess if she'll have him, you'll find Susie Bradley'll do.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Wa'al, mebbe she will; but I just can't bear to think of Lawyer Bradley's havin' a chance to turn him out again.

SQUIRE. (*Mollifying her*) Now, Martha, Tom Bradley's level-headed enough to know the difference between a man of twenty-two who's shown his mettle, and a boy of eighteen. He ain't got no high and mighty notions about Susie. He jest showed his good sense in not lettin' a girl who was scarcely out o' short dresses git too fond of a young scalawag with no very bright prospects.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Prospects? When he knows that George is goin' into his Uncle Ezra's new bank just as soon as ever he can start it, he won't say no more about prospects.

SQUIRE. (*Shutting his knife with a click, and pocketing it*) Maybe he will and maybe he won't.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Now what do you mean by that?

SQUIRE. (*Rising and crossing to L. front*) Maybe he'll say he don't care much for them kind o' prospects. Maybe he'll say he'd rather see his daughter married to a farm-hand than to a man in the bankin' business with an old skinflint copperhead like Ezra Middleton.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Caleb! He's my own brother!

SQUIRE. (*Sitting under tree*) Oh, I was only sayin' what Tom Bradley would say, and he ain't the only one who would say it, neither. Ezra hain't never been very

brotherly, Martha. (*Advances to c.*) And to bring up that mortgage business last night, right in the midst of the great joy God gave us of seein' our boy again—I can never forget that.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. No more can I, Caleb. That was downright cruel. But money's all he's got to care about; no home, no wife, no children. And if it hadn't been for the war——

SQUIRE. (*Crossing to porch again*) Oh, yes. That's allus his talk. If it hadn't been for the war we'd have had a telegraph line into town, and a railroad 'stead o' staging it up twenty miles from Bangor. If it hadn't been for the war he'd have started his bank years ago. If it hadn't been for the war I'd have made a lot out of the money he lent me to put into that mill with him. It's on account of the war, he says, that the mill wa'n't never finished. But he's got the money and the mortgage too, and now he'll have the property—the old Rockwood place—if we can't pay the interest when he comes back today. I tell you, Ezra Middleton has made more money, twice over, since the war began, than he would have made if they hadn't been no war.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Wa'al, he seems to want to do the right thing by George, takin' him into the bank right away; and he hain't got no one else to leave his money to. If George will only be nice to him. I thought some of the questions he asked him about the mortgage last night was real impudent, but Ezra seemed to like it. I do hope George will try to be nice to him.

SQUIRE. That's pretty hard,—bein' nice to Ezra Middleton; you found it kind o' hard yourself last night.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Yes, I did, until he began to shine up to George. We've just got to make George see that everything depends on startin' right with his uncle.

(*Enter GEORGE ROCKWOOD, up L.; SQUIRE rises to meet him by tree.*)

SQUIRE. You don't look very cheerful, George. Did you see anybody—in particular?

GEORGE. (*Coming down c.*) No, Dad. I wanted to see Lawyer Bradley, but they told me he was driving up this way. Has he been up here?

SQUIRE. Ain't seen him.—Suppose you didn't see Susie? You wouldn't 'a' got back so soon.

GEORGE. No. She's with her father.

SQUIRE. (*Drily*) Terrible! Terrible!

GEORGE. Oh, I didn't go to see her. I had business with him.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Coming down from porch; with concern*) Now, what kind of business could you have with Lawyer Bradley?

GEORGE. Oh! I had business, all right.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. George,—you ain't going to say nothin' to him about Susie,—quick as this?

GEORGE. Well, I guess not! Guess I'd better talk to her before I talk to him.

SQUIRE. That's what I allus did. I generally found that was the best way. (*Sits on bench at L.*)

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Reprovingly*) Caleb! (*To GEORGE.*) Wa'al, what was your business, then?

GEORGE. Mother, it was about the mortgage. I want to find out if that was all fair and square. It don't seem right for him to get everything, and us get nothing. I've got the money to cover the interest all right.

SQUIRE. (*Rising in surprise*) You've got the money?

GEORGE. Yes, I've saved nearly a year's pay. But I won't pay him unless Bradley says I've got to. He won't get the old place today, anyway.

SQUIRE. But, George, why didn't you ——

GEORGE. I didn't say anything about having the money last night, because—well—because I thought I could use it better for something else.

SQUIRE. What for, George?

GEORGE. Well, I got a notion I wanted to study law.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Advancing to him*) Oh, no, George, you must go into your Uncle Ezra's bank. It's a great chance for you. Besides, there's nobody to study law with here but Bradley, and he wouldn't take you. So you'd have to go away from home again.

GEORGE. I know it, Mother. That's what I needed the money for. But I suppose I'll have to go into the bank now. (*Turns away resignedly; then bravely.*) I guess maybe that will be better, anyway.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. That's a good boy, George. If you'll be nice to him he can do ever so much for you.

(*Sound of wheels outside.*)

LAWYER BRADLEY. (*Outside*) Whoa! Here, Susie, you hold the reins. (*Enter BRADLEY, L. GEORGE steps in front of tree, looking toward the road.*) Good morning, Squire! (*Heartily; then diffidently.*) Good morning, Mrs. Rockwood.

SQUIRE. Good morning.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Curtly*) 'Morning.

BRADLEY. (*Coming down c., seeing GEORGE*) Why, hello, George! I heard you'd come home.

GEORGE. Good morning, sir! (*They shake hands formally.*)

BRADLEY. Let me see, this is the same hand that Lincoln shook.

GEORGE. Same hand, sir.

BRADLEY. See to it that this hand is never guilty of any deed unworthy of that great honor!

GEORGE. I'll try, sir.

BRADLEY. (*Dropping the hand; jocularly*) How was the president when you saw him last?

SQUIRE. (*Who has been looking out to the road*) George, you go out and hitch the horse and ask Susie to come in.

(GEORGE looks inquiringly at BRADLEY, who nods assent. GEORGE goes out to L.)

BRADLEY. (*Mollifying her*) George is looking first rate, Mrs. Rockwood. He's grown some, too, in spite of Sherman's chasing him all over the South. I hear the boys in the village are getting up a little shindig for him.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Proudly*) We're awful proud of George, and his Uncle Ezra's asked him to go into his new bank. George will give him his answer this morning. (*Goes back on to porch.*)

BRADLEY. Oh! Is that so?—H'm ——— (*Turns to SQUIRE.*)

SQUIRE. Well, Bradley, what's the news down to the village?

BRADLEY. Not much news, Squire. Except—er—Middleton's cutting down the big pine on Widow Baker's pasture lot, down on the Bangor road. Foreclosed, you know, last week. Started cutting at sunrise this morning.

SQUIRE. What's he cuttin' down the big pine for?

BRADLEY. For firewood. Says he'll get two years' taxes out of it.

SQUIRE. Well, ain't that a shame? That pine's been settin' up on that knoll there for five hundred years sure. Why, folks comin' over from Bangor won't know when they've got to town, without that big pine settin' there to tell 'em. I'm sorry about that. I'm sorry. (*Walks to rear of stage.*)

BRADLEY. (*Following him upstage*) Squire, I came

up to see if you would spare me some potatoes. They're getting scarce down to the village. You had a good crop last year, didn't you?

SQUIRE. (*Coming down*) Yes, sir! I had a fine crop. They're pretty good 'taters, too. Come and look at 'em.

(SQUIRE and BRADLEY *exeunt* to R. MRS. ROCKWOOD, *with a knowing look toward the road, goes into the house. Enter GEORGE and SUSIE BRADLEY, L.*)

SUSIE. What are you looking at me so for, George?

GEORGE. I guess it's your hair, Sue. Guess I never saw it done up before. How long have you been doing it that way?

SUSIE. Oh, ever so long. But how big you've grown! What are those stripes on your arm for?

GEORGE. That's a chevron, Sue. Shows I'm a sergeant.

SUSIE. (*Attempting a military salute*) Oh!

GEORGE. Oh! you don't salute a sergeant! I'm only a non-com.

SUSIE. Oh! a non-combatant? Did Lincoln know that when he sent for you? (GEORGE *starts in disgust.*) Oh, I knew better than that, George! That was wonderful! Tell me about it. Your father let me read some of your letters,—but that one was so short, and you must tell me everything about it.

GEORGE. I'd rather tell you than anybody else, Sue,—if you want to hear it.

SUSIE. Of course I want to hear it, George. I—I—I—I——

(*She sits under the tree. GEORGE sits behind her to c.*)

GEORGE. You—what ——? Sue, do you mean that you cared?

SUSIE. Of course I cared,—(*coyly*) the same as all your friends did.

GEORGE. Oh,—only just the same?—I thought—perhaps—it might mean more—to you.

(*A sound of heavy hoofs outside.*)

BUD WILDER. (*Outside, L.*) Whoa, General Grant! Hello, Sergeant Rockwood!

SUSIE. Oh, that's Bud Wilder.

(*Enter BUD, L.*)

BUD. Hello, George! (*Sees SUSIE.*) Oh—ex-cuse me! (*Drawls.*)

GEORGE. Hello, Bud! (*Rises and shakes hands with him.*)

BUD. Where's the President? Heard he came along with you.

GEORGE. No, I had him stay in Washington to sign some papers. Expect to hear from him soon, though. Think he's going to appoint me Commander of the Army of the Potomac. But (*sitting on bench again*) say, you're quite a feller, Bud! Why didn't you come down and help us out? How did you manage to dodge the draft?

BUD. No, siree! I didn't dodge no draft! I tried hard enough to go. They wouldn't take me.

SUSIE. Yes,—he put on a pair of his dad's long pants and walked way over to Bangor and tried to enlist. (*To BUD.*) What was it they told you over there, Bud?

BUD. (*With great dignity*) They told me they didn't need no more men.

SUSIE. Oh! no they didn't. They told you to go home and split the wood and fetch the mail.

GEORGE. Oh, fetch the mail, Bud? Say, you might

fetch us our mail if you're going in time to meet the noon stage.

BUD. Oh, I can take a hint when it's thrown at me. (*Starts to go, but turns back.*) Say, George, it must 'a' been great to be right in them fights and git the news before it happened. We don't git yesterday's news till the noon stage comes up with the Bangor *Whig*.

GEORGE. It didn't help much to be in the fights. Sometimes we thought we'd won and were ordered to retreat.

BUD. Retreat! Gee, they wouldn't 'a' got me to retreat! I'd 'a' told 'em I didn't know how. That's the kind of a feller I am!

GEORGE. Well, I'll show you how right now. (*Turns him squarely by the shoulders.*) About face! Retreat!

BUD. Oh, gee! All right, Sergeant. (*Goes.*) I guess you two can worry along without me, anyhow.

GEORGE. Oh, Bud! Bring up our paper, won't you? And if that letter from the president is there, w'y I'll let you bring that, too.

BUD. All right, Sergeant! I'll fetch everything.

[*Exits.*]

GEORGE. Well, he's gone! (*Sits again.*) Susie, didn't you care more—oh, a little more—than the rest?

SUSIE. (*Coily*) W'y—why should I——

GEORGE. I was thinking of you all through those four years, and thinking of you gave me courage—and hope that I might do something to prove myself worthy of you. And when the colonel, that night at roll-call, asked for a volunteer for an extra dangerous duty, it was you who prompted me to offer myself. I did not know what service might be required of me, but I did know that no task could be too hazardous to undertake for you. Don't tell me now that it meant no more to you than to the others.

SUSIE. (*With a slight gesture of restraint*) I was—proud of you, George—and prouder still when Lincoln

sent for you. Why, there isn't another girl in Maine who can say, as I can say, that Lincoln sent for my—my ——

GEORGE. Your—what, Susie?

SUSIE. My—my ——

GEORGE. Do you mean—your beau?

SUSIE. (*Looking up at him unaffectedly*) Yes, (*pause*) and Father was so pleased when he heard that you met Lincoln. He worships Lincoln. Tell me, what was Lincoln like?

GEORGE. Like? He wasn't like anything. He was just all bigness and kindness. (*During this speech SQUIRE, BRADLEY and MRS. ROCKWOOD saunter in quietly, and catching the spirit of the speech remain attentive, grouped about the porch.*) When I came in he was sitting there, talking to a couple of generals, but looking just as plain and simple as—my own father. Then the orderly said, "Sergeant Rockwood,"—and he began to stand up slowly and to straighten out. He walked over to me standing there kind of embarrassed, growing bigger every step, until I knew that he was the biggest man God ever made. Then he held out his hand to me. It was the strongest hand I ever gripped,—not hard and set but firm and masterful, and as gentle as a woman's.

SUSIE. What did he say to you?

GEORGE. Just simple words; seemed like the same words anybody would say, but oh, so different! He said he was glad to see me, and shake my hand, and I said I was glad to see him too; and then we both smiled, and I found myself looking right into his eyes, and he looked so tired, awful tired! It seemed I could see into his eyes for miles, and all the suffering of all the war was there, and all the sorrow in every home, North and South. And his mouth was so big and kind and patient! I knew that no bitter word could ever pass those lips. He asked about my father and my mother,—he seemed

to take a lot of interest in you, Mother. Then he asked what I was going to do after the war, and I told him I was saving my pay to study law. And he said the law needed men who were brave and good, and he asked the generals if they thought I'd fill the bill, and they looked up at me and smiled, and said they guessed so, and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I'm sure he will." Then he thanked me for what I had done and told me to come and see him again if I ever needed his help. Then he asked me where I lived, because he said he must write to me and thank me for coming to see him. And so I came away. (*Pause.*)

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*To SQUIRE*) Do you suppose Lincoln will really write to him?

SQUIRE. I dunno. I hope so—but he's got a lot of other things to think about.

BRADLEY. I think he will.

SUSIE. (*To GEORGE*) And are you going to study law?

GEORGE. No, Mother wants me to go into Uncle Ezra's bank.

(*Enter EZRA MIDDLETON from the road, L., surveying the party cynically.*)

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Good morning, Ezra! George was just telling us what Lincoln said to him.

EZRA. Oh, some of Abe Lincoln's stories, eh? Had he been drinkin', George?

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Ezra!

GEORGE. He was the soberest man I ever saw!

EZRA. Was he as homely as his pictures? Homeliest cuss I ever want to see!

GEORGE. No, sir! He was noble! Plain and awkward and old, like the big pine down in Widow Baker's pasture lot,—the one we can see so far away, so tall and lonely. He made me think of that big pine, and I

guess that's one reason why I felt so easy with him. When I saw it from the road last night, looming up against the stars, I could just hear Lincoln again, saying, "Men who are brave and good!"

EZRA. Wa'al! You'll never see that tree again. I own that lot now, and I had your "big pine" cut down this morning. Pine's worth money, these days, thanks to your friend Abe. He got the country into a peck of trouble with his niggers and his whiskey and his war!

BRADLEY. I guess the war hasn't cost *you* much, Middleton. Come, Susie, we must be going.

[*SUSIE goes out.*]

GEORGE. Mr. Bradley, I went to see you this morning on a matter of business. I'd like to talk to you a minute.

BRADLEY. What business?

MRS. ROCKWOOD. George, not here, not now!

EZRA. Oh, it's about the mortgage, is it? Let him go ahead.

GEORGE. Uncle Ezra is going to foreclose today unless we pay the interest. What I want to know is, can he do it? Is that mortgage all fair and square? It don't seem just that he can get Father's money and the place too.

EZRA. (*Taking the mortgage out of his pocket*) There's the mortgage, Bradley; look it over. (*To GEORGE.*) We'll just see what the best lawyer in Hancock County has to say about it.

(*BRADLEY examines the mortgage briefly.*)

BRADLEY. It isn't just, George, but it's legal. Widow Baker was caught in this same trap, and the trap's a good one. Unless your father can pay the interest, your uncle can foreclose. (*Returns mortgage to EZRA.*)

GEORGE. Today?

BRADLEY. Today.

GEORGE. Well, Father can't pay it, but I can, and I will!

(GEORGE pulls out a bag of gold and counts it. He hands over to EZRA all but one piece which he holds in his hand.)

EZRA. (*Taking the money and jingling it*) Good, George, good! But where'd you raise the money?

GEORGE. It's all I saved out of my pay,—all but this one piece.

EZRA. Did you have it last night? Why didn't you pay me then?

GEORGE. Because I wasn't going to pay it until Lawyer Bradley told me I'd have to.

EZRA. Good again, George! You'll make a first-rate banker! Don't you ever part with a red cent of the bank's money any easier than you did with this (*jingling coins*), and we'll get along first-class together. (*Puts money into his pocket.*)

MRS. ROCKWOOD. There, George, I told you everything would come out all right.

(*Village bell begins to ring.*)

SQUIRE. Twelve o'clock!

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Dear me! And dinner isn't half ready! (*She bustles toward the house.*)

EZRA. Martha, I want a glass of your buttermilk before I go.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*From the door*) Go right in and help yourself, Ezra.

(EZRA goes in.)

BRADLEY. Well, I guess I'll take my potatoes and go along.

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*From the door*) Won't you all stay to dinner?

SUSIE. (*Running in*) That's not twelve o'clock! That bell is tolling, and here comes Bud Wilder like mad!

(*A sound of galloping hoofs draws near, and BUD bursts in breathless with blanched face.*)

BRADLEY. (*During his entrance*) That bell hasn't tolled for months. What's the news, Bud?

(BUD shakes his head at BRADLEY, staggers to SQUIRE, hands him a paper and a large envelope, and leans against the porch with his face in his arms. SQUIRE opens the paper with trembling hands, glances at it, then controlling himself with an effort, speaks in a choking voice, as he removes his hat.)

SQUIRE. Friends,—there is sad news,—today. (*All crowd around breathless.*) President Lincoln—has been—assassinated!

(*The paper and the envelope fall from his hands. The other men instinctively remove their hats. BRADLEY picks up the paper and gives résumé of item.*)

BRADLEY. (*Reading*) "President Lincoln was shot by an assassin in Ford's Theatre at 8:19 last night. He died at three this morning." (*A pause.*)

GEORGE. Oh, God! Oh, God!

(SUSIE goes to GEORGE's side and comforts him. EZRA comes from the house, and stands in the porch.)

EZRA. What's the news? What's all the fuss about? What's that bell tolling for?

SQUIRE. Ezra, President Lincoln has been assassinated!

EZRA. What?

BRADLEY. The President was shot last night, and died this morning.

EZRA. (*Coming down the steps*) Good! That's the best news I've heard since Bull Run!

GEORGE. Oh!

(*The company stands in horror for a second, then GEORGE steps forward and knocks him flat with a blow to the jaw. SUSIE, shocked, retires to L. rear.*)

MRS. ROCKWOOD. George!

(*GEORGE retires to his mother's side near porch.*)

BRADLEY. (*Advancing and shaking his finger at EZRA*) There, you damned copperhead, take that! It is the cursed reptiles like you that are to blame for this. You copperheads with your treachery and your treason, always stabbing him in the back, have done more to drag out the war than the brave men like Lee, fighting him squarely face to face. It's you and your like who are guilty of this cowardly assassination.

(*EZRA writhes and shakes his fist at GEORGE.*)

EZRA. You're done for, you puppy! I'll fix you!

[*He goes out, roughly helped by SQUIRE.*]

MRS. ROCKWOOD. (*Her hands on GEORGE's shoulders*) George, you've ruined us! You've spoiled your only chance!

GEORGE. Oh, no, Mother—don't say that was my

only chance. I'm going to stay here and work the farm with Father. That's a better chance than working for the richest copperhead in the world.

BUD. (*Picking up letter and handing it to GEORGE*) Here's the letter you were looking for, George.

GEORGE. (*Looking at envelope*) W'y, it's from the White House. (*Opens letter and reads to himself, visibly overcome.*)

SQUIRE. What does it say, George? (*GEORGE hands the letter to his father and sobs. SQUIRE reads letter.*) "I did not know, when you so kindly came to see me, the whole of what I had to thank you for. General Sherman has just given me full account of your exploit, with more detail than I had known before, and more than your fine modesty volunteered. And now I am doubly grateful that you should have waited here two whole days to see me, when you were so impatient to get home to those you love. If I may presume upon my age and my experience to offer advice to a younger man, let me urge you to foster this courage of yours as the worthiest inheritance of your race. The victories of peace are won with no less courage than the victories of war. Bear your victories then with clemency, and your defeats, which will be many, without resentment. That quick impulse which prompted you once to volunteer for a task so hazardous that it could not be assigned in regular line of duty, must not prompt you another time to a less worthy deed. It may please your father and mother to learn that General Sherman will ask Congress to honor you, along with other obscure heroes of the ranks, with the simple medal engraved with the imperishable words, 'For Valor.' I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant, A. Lincoln."

MRS. ROCKWOOD. Oh, George, you shouldn't have struck him. You were too quick.

GEORGE. (*Remorsefully*) Don't, Mother, don't! I know I was! Too impulsive and too resentful, and

that's just what his advice was about. Oh! I made a great mistake.

BRADLEY. I think not, George. No man short of Lincoln himself could have heard Middleton say that without feeling just as you felt. Mrs. Rockwood and Squire, with your permission, I'm going to make George an offer myself, right now. (*To GEORGE.*) George, suppose we begin to study law together tomorrow morning. (*SUSIE comes forward and puts her hand affectionately on her father's shoulder.*) Don't you think you'd rather be a lawyer like me than (*indicating EZRA*) a banker like him?

GEORGE. Yes, but we'd better start square, and I owe you a fee for your advice about the mortgage.

(*He takes his coin from his pocket and passes it to BRADLEY, who returns it saying:*)

BRADLEY. We'll call that the first fee of the new firm of Bradley and Rockwood. (*SUSIE's hand slips down into her father's hand.*) You'd better keep it. (*Turns to SUSIE at pressure from her hand.*) And Susie will be the silent partner.

CURTAIN

IN BOSTON, 1864

BY ALICE JOHNSTONE WALKER

CHARACTERS

MRS. BEACON, *cutting out clothes.*

MRS. COLLINS, *sewing.*

MRS. DILLINGHAM, *sewing.*

MISS EATON, *packing box for soldiers.*

FANNIE, *aged eleven, knitting.*

GERTRUDE, *aged twelve, knitting.*

BARBARA, *aged six, scraping lint.*

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM, *in uniform, arm in sling.*

CAPTAIN HILL, *in uniform, leg bound in splint, crutches.*

Costumes of 1864

SCENE.—*Sitting-room of Mrs. BEACON in Boston.*
Entrance L. Table R. C.

(Curtain rises on the ladies sewing for the soldiers.

BARBARA sitting on the front of center table, scraping lint. Mrs. BEACON standing, cutting cloth at the back of same table. CAPTAIN HILL and MISS EATON at L. of stage, packing box. CAPTAIN HILL has bound-up leg resting on chair. FANNIE and GERTRUDE, R. front. Mrs. COLLINS, L. C. Mrs. DILLINGHAM, R.)

MRS. COLLINS. *(To Mrs. DILLINGHAM)* If I were you I would face that with the bias; it goes faster.

MRS. DILLINGHAM. I will; I'm glad you spoke of it.

BARBARA. *(Stretching out her little arms)* Oh, I'm so tired scraping lint. I want to play with my doll.

MRS. BEACON. (*Standing by table*) Poor little Barbara! She has been a good girl. Every day she comes over and works for the soldiers. (*Lifts her down.*) There, Barbara, you've worked enough.

(BARBARA plays around with her doll to L. of CAPTAIN HILL.)

MRS. COLLINS. How is your captain, Mrs. Dillingham? Did I hear that he was going back to the army next week?

MRS. DILLINGHAM. His arm is nearly well. I can't keep him home much longer.

(*Enter CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM.*)

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM. Good morning, ladies; good morning, Captain. (*To CAPTAIN HILL.*) Everyone busy as usual. Now don't move. I'll find a seat on the table. (*Sits on table.*) Do you know, Miss Eaton, I only heard yesterday that Mrs. Bixby, who lives right across the street from my father's house, had sent her five boys to the war and that all of them had been killed. I've played with every one of those boys.

MISS EATON. Poor Mrs. Bixby! If you knew the boys you would be interested in this letter their mother received from the president.

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM. From Lincoln? Indeed I should.

ALL. From the president? From Lincoln?

(MISS EATON hands him letter.)

FANNIE. (*To CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM, seeing that he cannot open it*) Let me open it.

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM. Thank you; be good enough to read it aloud.

(All stop and listen.)

FANNIE. (*Reads letter, standing l. c.*) "To Mrs. Bixby, Boston. Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Abraham Lincoln."

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM. "So costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom!" It seems as though I could hear his voice saying it.

GERTRUDE. Then you've seen the president?

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM. Yes, many a time; he's very tall and thin, his eyes are deep sunken and his face has deep lines. It is full of care and sadness. But when he laughs, his eyes flash and twinkle merrily. You'd like him. All the children do.

CAPTAIN HILL. And the soldiers, how they love him! Whenever he visits camp they give him a rousing welcome.

BARBARA. (*Peering at CAPTAIN HILL's leg*) Oh, Mr. Captain! have you lost your leg?

CAPTAIN HILL. Oh, no, it's just spliced up for a bit. I should have lost it, though, if some little girl had not been scraping lint.

BARBARA. Did lint save it?

CAPTAIN HILL. Yes, little lady.

BARBARA. (*Goes to table*) Lift me up again, Mrs. Beacon; I want to scrape some more lint.

(MRS. BEACON *lifts her up on table.*)

CAPTAIN HILL. When I was in the hospital in Washington, Lincoln would often visit the sick soldiers. We had three wards of wounded Southern prisoners. I was conducting him one day, and I said, "You won't want to go in there, Mr. President; they are only rebels." I shall never forget how he stopped and gently laid his great hand upon my shoulder and said, "You mean Confederates," and I have meant Confederates ever since. He went through these three wards and his interest was as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

MISS EATON. They tell a story of his meeting a Pennsylvania soldier who stood six feet seven in his stockings. Lincoln is six feet four. As the President approached this giant, towering above him, he stopped in amazement as if contemplating the immense distance between the soldier's head and feet. At length, holding out his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, Comrade! Do you know when your feet are cold?"

FANNIE. Some people find fault with his signing so many pardons.

GERTRUDE. Mr. Lincoln is so tender-hearted he's always finding some reason for forgiving the men. If a man's a coward, the President says, "I never felt sure but I might drop *my* gun and run away if *I* found myself in the line of battle."

MRS. BEACON. If a soldier is poor and friendless, "I'll be his friend," Lincoln says. He's not only the Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States, he's the Father of the army, and never did a man better deserve a title than he does the one the soldiers gave him of "Father Abraham."

MRS. DILLINGHAM. When was that title given him?

CAPTAIN DILLINGHAM. It was last summer, before his re-election. Lincoln decided to issue the Proclama-

tion calling for more men. His friends tried to dissuade him; they said such a call at that critical time meant utter defeat.

“It matters not what becomes of me,” replied Lincoln, “we must have the men!”

And he got the men!

“From Mississippi’s winding stream
And from New England’s shore,
Six hundred thousand loyal men
And true have gone before;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!”

CURTAIN

MR. LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE GIRL

BY ALICE JOHNSTONE WALKER

CHARACTERS

MRS. WADSWORTH.

MARY, *aged seven or eight.*

KITTY, *aged seven or eight.*

(Costumes of 1850. The little girls, pantalets, bonnets, and mitts.)

MRS. WADSWORTH. (*Looking out of window*) The train came in ten minutes ago; they ought to be here now. This is their first trip alone by train —— Oh, here they come!

(Enter MARY and KITTY. MRS. WADSWORTH kisses them.)

MARY. Oh, Aunt Celia! I thought I would not get here!

KITTY. Yes, Mrs. Wadsworth; she almost missed the train.

MRS. WADSWORTH. Why, tell me about it.

MARY. (*At R. of MRS. WADSWORTH, standing*) My trunk was ready to go and it was almost train time, but the hackman did not come, and I stood at the gate looking for him. It grew later and later and I thought I couldn't go, and ——

KITTY. (*Standing at L.*) And she began to cry like everything, she told me.

MRS. WADSWORTH. That was too bad, little Mary. Did you?

MARY. (*Nodding*) And just then Mr. Lincoln came by. He heard me sobbing, and he said: "What's the matter, little girl?" and when I told him he said, "How big is the trunk? There is still time if it isn't too big." He pushed through the gate and up to the door. When he saw my little trunk he cried: "Oh! Oh! Wipe your eyes and come on quick!"

KITTY. And before she knew what he was going to do he shouldered the trunk and was striding out of the yard.

MARY. (*Laughing*) Yes, and I had to run like everything to keep up with him. His legs are so long! and they were going so fast!

KITTY. It was funny to see Mary all out of breath, but laughing and wiping her eyes.

MRS. WADSWORTH. I'd like to thank that Mr. Lincoln; he must be a very kind man.

MARY. And we were there in time for the train, and Mr. Lincoln kissed me good-bye and told me to have a good time.

(They all turn to walk out.)

CURTAIN

AT THE WHITE HOUSE, 1863

BY ALICE JOHNSTONE WALKER

CHARACTERS

DOORKEEPER, *to Mr. Lincoln's office; jolly and pleasant.*

MR. NICOLAY, *Lincoln's secretary, nervous and quick.*

WOMAN, *prettily dressed, 1863 costume.*

BABY, *four years old.*

MR. A.

MR. B.

MR. C.

MR. D.

MR. E. } *Well-dressed men of affairs from New York*

MR. F. } *City. Dressed in style of 1863.*

MR. G.

MR. H.

MR. I.

MR. J.

SCENE.—*Waiting-room in White House, outside Mr. Lincoln's room. Entrance door from hall and door leading to Mr. Lincoln's room. Seats around the walls.*

(*Curtain rises on MR. NICOLAY and WOMAN with BABY, all standing. DOORKEEPER before Lincoln's door.*)

MR. NICOLAY. It is no use your waiting, Madam. Mr. Lincoln can see no one else today. Come tomorrow.

WOMAN. But this is urgent, my ——

MR. NICOLAY. Very sorry, Madam, but a large delegation of important men from New York are waiting

and after seeing them the president must go to a Cabinet meeting. He's late now. [*Goes out to hall.*]

WOMAN. Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do! I can't think. May I sit down just a moment?

DOORKEEPER. Indeed you may, Madam; all these chairs belong to the people of the United States.

(*Enter MR. NICOLAY.*)

MR. NICOLAY. This way, gentlemen. (*Ushers in MESSRS. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, important, dignified, and self-sufficient gentlemen.*)

(*Each gentleman must be at the front of the stage when he speaks, and step back among the others, who are strolling around the waiting-room, when he has spoken.*)

MR. A. (*To MR. NICOLAY*) Inform the president at once that the delegation he is expecting from New York has arrived.

(*MR. NICOLAY bows and goes out President's door.*)

MR. B. I shall tell Mr. Lincoln the gunboat must be sent at once. It is impossible to have the wealthy port of New York exposed to the bombardment of a Confederate cruiser.

MR. C. When he realizes who we are ——

MR. D. And that we represent one hundred million dollars in our own right!

MR. E. (*In high voice*) One hundred million dollars! Protection is due us!

MR. F. Yes, he must see to it that we have that gunboat. Now my tenement district is right there on the river; one cannon ball —— (*Lifts his hands expressively.*)

MR. G. Well, well, but think of my lumber yards! Valued now, I suppose ——

MR. H. I say, men representing in their own right one hundred million dollars ——

MR. I. (*Interrupts*) —must be considered. Fancy the havoc a Confederate cruiser would make with my wharfs worth fifty thou ——

MR. J. (*Interrupts*) Horrible to think of; but if Lincoln will send a gunboat to protect my railways! Why, sir, those railways are the backbone of this country!

(*All begin to speak at once, very eagerly, and keep it up until MR. NICOLAY enters.*)

MR. A. Warehouses. (*Repeats, tries to make some one listen.*)

MR. B. Gunboat, gentlemen! (*Same business.*)

MR. C. I shall say, "Your Excellency ——" (*Same business.*)

MR. D. One hundred million dollars! (*Same business.*)

MR. E. (*High voice*) Hides! Skins! Pigs! Cattle!

MR. F. My tenements, sir! (*Same business.*)

MR. G. My lumber yards! (*Same business.*)

MR. H. One hundred million dollars!

MR. I. My wharfs, sir. (*Same business.*)

MR. J. Railways, sir, railways.

(*Enter MR. NICOLAY.*)

MR. NICOLAY. The president will see you, gentlemen.

(*The delegation files out into the president's room. As they are disappearing.*)

MR. E. (*In high voice*) We represent one hundred million dollars.

DOORKEEPER. (*Shuts door in disgust*) That's the sixth set of grumblers I've turned loose on the president today! He'll be thinner than ever. They think Mr. Lincoln ought to give 'em each a gunboat to watch by their beds all night!

WOMAN. (*Rising and speaking timidly*) Don't you suppose the president could see me just a moment? It is a matter of life or death. I've tried to see him for three days.

DOORKEEPER. It is too late today, Madam, but you come early tomorrow ——

WOMAN. (*Interrupts*) Tomorrow will be too late. He—he is to be shot tomorrow.

DOORKEEPER. (*With concern*) Why, now that is bad. It is your husband you wish pardoned, Madam?

WOMAN. (*Rapidly and excitedly*) Yes, yes, because he slept at his post, and it wasn't his fault, he'd been marching for two days.

(*The BABY is standing on the chair playing with a cane one of the delegation left. The door is opened by MR. NICOLAY and the WOMAN glides back to her place. The delegation files out in complete silence, collect coats, canes, hats, etc., and walk rapidly off in a humbled and mortified manner. MR. E., the last, pulls down hat to ears and puts both hands in pockets. DOORKEEPER and MR. NICOLAY watch them go.*)

DOORKEEPER. (*With low whistle*) Hides! Skins! Pigs and cattle! What's pricked their bubble? They're a mightily changed set of citizens!

MR. NICOLAY. (*Laughs*) They thought the president was much impressed by their pitiful story and the great wealth they represented. He listened most atten-

tively, but when they concluded he said, "Gentlemen, I am, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and as a matter of law I can order anything done that is practicable to be done: but, as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the gunboats or ships of war—as a matter of fact, I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me, in the condition of things, to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb, greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar, and in this condition of things, if *I* were worth half as much as *you gentlemen* are represented to be, and as badly frightened as *you* seem to be, *I* would build a gunboat and *give it* to the Government."

(They both laugh. MR. NICOLAY goes out by hall door.)

DOORKEEPER. *(Calls after him)* Is the president still in, Mr. Nicolay?

MR. NICOLAY. *(From hall)* He's gone.

WOMAN. *(Bursts into sobs)* Oh dear! My poor husband! They'll shoot him! I'm too late. *(Sobs.)* Tomorrow at sunrise. *(Sobs, covers face with hands, continues to sob.)*

BABY. *(Trying to pull down her hands and, not succeeding, breaks into loud cries)* Boo hoo! Don't, Mamma. Oh—— *(And keeps it up until a loud ring is heard from Lincoln's room.)*

DOORKEEPER. *(Disappears in Lincoln's door, comes back smiling to WOMAN)* Mr. Lincoln says to send you to him at once. *(WOMAN goes into Mr. Lincoln's room hastily. BABY trots after. DOORKEEPER, holding door and patting BABY.)* Run along, Lulu! *(MR. NICOLAY enters from hall.)* The president heard that young one crying just as he was going and nothing

would do but he must come back to find out what the matter was.

MR. NICOLAY. But he's keeping the Cabinet waiting.
[*Walks out impatiently.*]

DOORKEEPER. (*Calls after him*) What of it? Do 'em good! You're always trying to make the president walk a straight line. Thought you had him on time for the Cabinet meeting today, didn't you? But the president gave you the slip at the last moment. (*Laughs to himself.*)

(*Door opens; enter WOMAN and BABY, radiant.*)

WOMAN. He's pardoned him! He's pardoned him! Mr. Lincoln's the best man that ever lived!

DOORKEEPER. (*Adjusting her shawl*) Madam, it was the baby that did it.

[*WOMAN and BABY start to go out.*]

CURTAIN

ON A PLANTATION, 1863

BY ALICE JOHNSTONE WALKER

CHARACTERS

OLE MAMMY.

SAMBO, *her boy.*

CLEMENTINE,

LILY,

FLORA,

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

JULIUS CÆSAR,

JULIET,

} *young women.*

} *children.*

And children as many as stage allows.

SCENE.—*Porch before darkies' hut, children and women grouped about the stage, some standing, some sitting on boxes, benches, old chairs, or on the ground. Turbans of colored handkerchiefs, kerchiefs, aprons, sleeves rolled up. These touches give the effect of negro costume, especially if the hair is covered up. Blacking the skin is not advised. Every one in this scene should be able to sing. The song "When Israel was in Egypt Land" is one of the Jubilee Songs, and should not be hard to find, and "Wake Nicodemus" is a well-known negro song. Two entrances, one from OLE MAMMY'S hut, one from R. or L. for FLORA and SAMBO.*

(Every one on the stage but SAMBO, FLORA, JULIET, and OLE MAMMY. Before the curtain rises they begin to croon, swaying in time to the music.)

CLEMENTINE. *(Solo)*

"When Israel was in Egypt land,

CHORUS.

Let my people go.

CLEMENTINE.

Oppressed so hard dey could not stand,

CHORUS.

Let my people go.

Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land

(Curtain rises.)

Tell ole Pharaoh, 'Let my people go.'

CLEMENTINE.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,

CHORUS.

Let my people go.

CLEMENTINE.

If not I'll smite your first-born dead—

CHORUS.

Let my people go.

Go down, etc.

CLEMENTINE.

No more shall dey in bondage toil,

CHORUS.

Let my people go.

CLEMENTINE. *(Sings.)*

Let them come out."

(Breaks off. Shouts to JULIET inside the house.) Heh, there, you Juliet! Mammy said she was coming out on de po'ch. You bring her out.

JULIET. *(From inside cabin)* She's low in her sperits, and don' want to come.

LILY. It's 'cause a year ago today Massa sold her Sambo, all de chile she had lef'. Ef I don' rouse her up she'll sit all day looking at one of his old caps. I'll fetch her out. [Goes off.

CLEMENTINE. Thomas Jefferson, you go tote out her cheer for her.

(THOMAS JEFFERSON rises and goes in cabin, comes out with armchair which he places to R. of stage. The children roll out of the way and let OLE MAMMY enter. JULIET leads her. LILY follows with shawl. OLE MAMMY is settled in chair. She has a cane and her head is bent. Carries a boy's cap in her hand.)

OLE MAMMY. (Begins talking to herself and then says distinctly) Ole Massa, he sold my Sambo, my baby; he tole me he wouldn't. (Pause.) Just year ago Sambo said, "Mammy, I's sold down de ribber. But de new master won't keep me. I'll run away and join Massa Linkum's soldiers. I'll come back and get you, Mammy, you wait for me." But I waited and I waited and he ain't neber come back—he ain't come back! (Begins to cry, hiding her face in the cap.)

CLEMENTINE. Land sakes! Mammy, give him time; perhaps he couldn't git away as fast as he thought.

LILY. Maybe he mighty far down de ribber.

JULIET and JULIUS CÆSAR. Let's get Mammy to sing, then she won't cry.

JULIUS CÆSAR. (Goes close to OLE MAMMY) Mammy, you learn us children "Ole Nicodemus." We disremember de tune.

(The children gather about her chair.)

OLE MAMMY. (Taking down the cap and wiping her

eyes on it) —he ain't come back — What you chilluns hollerin' about?

ALL THE CHILDREN. Learn us to sing "Wake Nicodemus." (*They sit, kneel, and stand around her.*)

OLE MAMMY. Well, let me see. (*Begins to sing.*)

"Nicodemus, de slave, was of African birth,

And was bought for a bagful of gold:

He was reckon'd as part of de salt of de earth,

But he died years ago, very old.

'Twas his last sad request, so we laid him away

In de trunk of an old hollow tree,

'Wake me up!' was his charge at de first break of day,

'Wake me up for de great Jubilee!'

(*All sing Chorus.*)

"De 'Good time comin'' is almos' here,

It was long, long, long on de way.

Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,

And meet us at de gumtree down in de swamp,

To wake Nicodemus today.

OLE MAMMY. (*Sings alone*)

"'Twas a long, weary night,—we were almos' in fear,

Dat de future was more than he knew,

'Twas a long, weary night—but de morning is near,

And de words of our prophet are true.

Dar are signs in de sky dat de darkness is gone,

Dar are tokens in endless array;

While de storms which had seemingly banished de dawn,

Only hasten de advent of day."

CHORUS. (*All sing*)

"De 'Good time comin','" etc.

OLE MAMMY. (*Sings*)

“Wake me up for de great Jubilee!”

THOMAS JEFFERSON. When is de great Jubilee comin’? When will we be free?

LILY. I dun know, honey; it’s a long time comin’. Perhaps Massa Linkum’s soldiers’ll bring it.

(*Enter FLORA, looks behind her before she speaks as though she were afraid.*)

FLORA. (*With an air of triumph*) See what I got! (*Shows picture of Lincoln.*)

CLEMENTINE. Who’s dat?

FLORA. (*In stage whisper*) Hesh! It’s Massa Linkum. (*Gives it to OLE MAMMY. All crowd around to see.*) Jinny found it and she can read and it says *Abraham Linkum*. Jinny says he’s de big general an’ he’ll set us all free sometime.

JULIUS CÆSAR. He’s got mighty sad eyes; he looks like he want to cry.

JULIET. He’s smiling at me.

FLORA. (*Whispers*) And I heard Massa say, if Massa Linkum’s sojers come up de ribber—we’ll all be free.

ALL. (*In whispers*) We’ll all be free. (*Shake heads doubtfully.*)

FLORA. (*Still whispering*) An’ Jinny says, dat all de free darkies sing a new song; Massa Linkum’s sojers learned it to ’em.

OLE MAMMY. (*Rising and leaning on cane*) You, Flora! Did Jinny learn you dat song?

FLORA. Yes, Mammy.

LILY and CLEMENTINE. How does it go?

OLE MAMMY. (*Pointing cane at FLORA*) You, Flora, you sing dat song.

FLORA. (*Looks all around, then sings very softly*)

“John Brown’s body lies a-molderin’ in de grave,” etc.
“His soul goes marching on.”

(All listen intently, their lips move. In the chorus they join one after another, always singing very softly, their heads and bodies swaying and their hands silently clapping time.)

ALL. “Glory, glory, hallelujah,” etc.

LILY. *(Excitedly)* You learn dat song, all you chilluns. Then if de day of Jubilee eber come, you sing it.

SAMBO. *(Outside, from distance)* Mammy! Where’s my ole Mammy?

OLE MAMMY. *(Starts to her feet)* Who dat calling me?

SAMBO. *(Nearer)* Mammy! Ain’t you goin’ to speak to yo’r Sambo!

OLE MAMMY. My Sambo! My baby! I’s waitin’!

SAMBO. *(Enters running, dressed in United States uniform; rushes to embrace OLE MAMMY.)* I’s come back, Mammy! Mammy!

OLE MAMMY. *(Crying and laughing and hugging him)* Sambo! Sambo!

ALL. *(Cry out)* Sambo! Sambo! Where you come from? See de brass buttons! Sambo!

SAMBO. *(Still clasping OLE MAMMY)* I run away and jined Massa Linkum’s sojers. De gunboats are coming up re dibber. I was on de first one. And, chilluns! What you think! Massa Linkum signed de ‘Mancipation Proclamation, an’ you’re all FREE!! No more selling down de ribber, Mammy, do you hear! We’re all FREE!!!

ALL. *(Shouting and cheering)* We’re all free! etc. *(After a second or two they stop and look at OLE MAMMY.)*

OLE MAMMY. Massa Linkum, he done it. De Lord

bress Massa Linkum! an' keep him, and cause his face to shine upon him!

ALL. (*Fervently*) De Lord bress Massa Linkum!

CLEMENTINE. Hallelujah!

LILY. Glory! Glory!

ALL. (*Sing.*)

“Glory, glory, hallelujah!” etc.

(*Children form ring and dance around OLE MAMMY and SAMBO; clap hands, jump up and down, etc.*)

CURTAIN

A PRESENT FOR MR. LINCOLN

BY ELMA E. LEVINGER

CHARACTERS

ROBERT DOLE.

ANNE DOLE, *his wife.*

GEORGE, } *his sons.*
RALPH, }

PETER, *an old negro.*

TIME.—*Close of the Civil War.*

PLACE.—*A village in Illinois.*

SCENE.—*It is about nine o'clock on a bright spring morning. The scene shows the comfortably furnished parlor of the Dole home. A large picture of President Lincoln hangs upon the wall. RALPH, a boy of twelve, tears into the room.*

RALPH. (*Shouting*) Ma!

MRS. DOLE. (*Entering*) Hush, don't be so noisy, son. Your brother's not up yet.

RALPH. Lazy thing, sleeping all day!

MRS. DOLE. Aren't you ashamed to talk like that when he's been so sick? The doctor says he'll need a lot of rest and care after that dreadful prison fever. Sometimes I think he'll never get well. (*Sits at table, wiping her eyes.*)

RALPH. Aw, don't worry about George. But wasn't it good that Mr. Lincoln remembered how Pa and he used to be neighbors in Springfield once, and made 'em give George a furlough when Pa wrote him how sick George was in the hospital?

MRS. DOLE. (*Glancing up at Lincoln's picture*) We owe the president a lot, Ralph. I felt sort of hard against him at first when your brothers got shot at Gettysburg and Shiloh; but if you'd been old enough I'd 'a' given you, too, I guess, and not said anything. When Mr. Lincoln asked anything of us—we gave it. Only it was hard to lose two boys.

RALPH. (*Awkwardly patting her shoulder*) Don't, Ma—and you know George came back. Say, I came home to tell you that us boys started a collection for a present for Mr. Lincoln. They made me treasurer. (*Puts hand in pocket and proudly shows handful of coins.*) I've got fifty-eight cents already. We're going to get him something he'll like a lot and send it to him 'way to Washington to show him we're glad the war's over.

MRS. DOLE. I know everybody's glad the war's over—especially the women with sons.

RALPH. (*Showing her small flag*) Everybody's putting up flags and bunting and things in front of their houses. Max gave me this one. I'm going to put it over his picture. (*Stands on chair and puts flag over picture of Lincoln.*)

(*GEORGE enters; he is very white and thin and leans on a cane.*)

MRS. DOLE. Now, George, what made you get up so soon?

GEORGE. (*As he sits by table, his mother fussing over him*) You're spoiling me, Ma—but I like it. I'm not sick any more; it makes a fellow well just to be home and have you fussing over me and cooking what I like. Sometimes I got so lonely during those four years that I'd have cut and come home somehow, if it hadn't been for him—for Mr. Lincoln. I knew how it would make him feel to have a boy from his State desert.

I guess everybody thinks a whole lot of Mr. Lincoln, but we fellows from Illinois felt he belonged to us. He lived here so long—they put him up for president in Chicago—and we always let him know that whatever he wanted to do, the folks from Illinois were with him.

(Enter PETER, an old negro; he takes off his ragged cap at the door.)

PETER. 'Morning, Miss Anna. 'Morning, boys. The ladies from the church sent me up, Miss Anna, to ask you help decorate up for a festival they're giving 'cause the war is done and over. If you ain't got Mr. Lincoln's picture all fixed up already! *(Looks up at it reverently.)* Ain't he got a good heart? Every time I see that picture of Massa Lincoln I can tell he likes folks—white and black—just by looking in his eyes. He loved us and he made us free. I'm only a old, no-account colored man, but I hopes the good Lord spares me until Massa Lincoln comes along here on his way back to Springfield, when he's tired of being president and wants to be with home folks again. And then I'm going to go down to the train with the white folks and just—just look at him.

RALPH. *(Approaching him briskly)* Say, Pete, don't you want to give me something for a present the boys are getting up for Mr. Lincoln?

MRS. DOLE. Never mind, Pete. Ralph, you know he can't afford——

PETER. *(Eagerly)* I sure can afford it, Miss Anna, sure enough. *(Giving RALPH several coins.)* I ain't rich—but I can stop using 'bacco for a while. I'd feel mighty hurt if you boys didn't give me a chance to send my present to Mr. Lincoln.

(MR. DOLE enters, so shocked and frightened that at first he cannot speak.)

MRS. DOLE. Robert—what's happened?

MR. DOLE. (*With difficulty*) Lincoln's—shot.

GEORGE. (*Starting up*) It can't be—who'd want to hurt him—nobody could hurt my captain!

MR. DOLE. He's dead, George. He's stuck by his guns for four years. We helped him all we could back here, but he did more than any of us. He was tired and wanted to come home to Illinois—but he never got a chance—and now they're going to bring him home dead.

PETER. (*Staring at picture*) And I ain't ever going to get a chance to look at him. I can't tell Massa Lincoln how we folks he made free love him for it.

(*A long silence. RALPH takes down the flag. Speaks, struggling to keep back the tears.*)

RALPH. You can tell 'em down at the church, Pete, that I'll help if they want me; but I guess they won't put up any more flags. Nobody'll ever want to wave flags and be happy any more. (*As PETER goes heavily to door, he follows him to thrust two coins into his hand.*) And you'd better take back your money, Pete. I'm going to give the boys their money back, too. (*Breaking down and clinging to his mother as he looks at the handful of money he still holds.*) There won't be any use of getting a present for Mr. Lincoln now.

CURTAIN

A LINCOLN SORT OF FELLOW

BY LETTIE C. VAN DERVEER

CHARACTERS

RICHARD BALLARD, *chairman of class meeting.*

FLOSSY DOYLE.

JIM O'CONNELL.

NICHOLAS SORELLO.

JEAN LARUE.

ISAAC ROSENTHAL.

MARY MACDONALD.

A. LINCOLN BARNES.

SCENE.—*Schoolroom effect.*

(As the curtain rises, a number of girls and boys of first-year high-school age gathered in groups earnestly talking. Some are seated.)

RICHARD BALLARD. *(At teacher's desk, rises; raps on desk)* Meeting come to order! *(Others seat themselves, and give him their attention.)* Ladies and gentlemen, of the class of 19—, of Rosedale High School: as most of you know the object of this meeting is to discuss and vote upon the question of a representative to be sent to the essay contest at our state capitol three weeks hence. The matter has been left to our choice as a class. Believing that we compare favorably in scholarship and literary ability with other schools of our state, and classes of our grade, who are to be our competitors, we have high hopes for the success of our representative. As this is to be a very informal meet-

ing I now declare it open for discussion of this matter, trusting that the courtesy of our members toward one another will make it a dignified one. (*Takes seat amid applause.*)

JIM O'CONNELL. (*Rises*) Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, it seems to me that we can boil our choice down in a minute to Dick and Mary and Link —

MARY. (*Laughing*) I object to being boiled down.

JIM. Beg pardon. (*Bows low.*) I should have said we can center our discussion about the dignified persons of Miss Mary Louise MacDonald, Richard French Ballard, and Abraham Lincoln Barnes, as the acknowledged literary lights of this class.

(*Laughter and applause.* FLOSSY DOYLE *shrugs and whispers to girl sitting nearest her.*)

RICHARD. (*Rises, bows*) I appreciate the compliment of being "boiled down" in such distinguished company, but (*glances around*) by the way, where's Link?

JIM. Evidently he's the missing Link.

(*Laughter.*)

NICK SORELLO. Oh! You know how all the old ladies in his neighborhood impose on Link. He had to go match up a ball of yarn for old Mrs. Somebody-Or-Other right after school, so she could finish a kiss-me-quick, or hug-me-tight, or something for her granddaughter's birthday. And I reckon he's tearing his hair over the ephemeral difference between sky-blue-pink and celestial blue just about now.

JIM. Sure it wasn't ocean-wave cerise and sea-shell olive?

FLOSSY. Jim, you're silly. There aren't such colors.

JIM. Thanks, Floss, I stand corrected. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to inform you, on the strength of the

young lady's superior judgment, that there ain't no such animals as afore-mentioned.

RICHARD. (*Laughing*) James, we'll allow you a ten-minute intermission for breathing. And now to finish what I started to say, in view of the fact that Mary and Link have gotten better marks for their essays than myself, the last two months, I withdraw my name as one of the three to be considered.

MARY. (*Generously*) Oh, but Dick, it was just that the subjects didn't appeal to you as much as usual. I'm sure Miss Lloyd was high in praise of your essay on Labor and Capital.

RICHARD. Thanks for them kind woids, Mary, but you and Link did wonders with After-the-War Geography, a theme we all hated. (*Laughter and vigorous assent.*) Which, though it may not prove your superior ability,—ahem!—(*laughter*) does prove a stick-to-it-iveness that I still have to cultivate. Therefore I must persist in insisting upon the withdrawal of my name.

ISAAC. Did I understand rightly that the subject of the competitive essay is "The Character of Lincoln"?

RICHARD. Yes, that's it; and the prize-winning essays are to be read at a big celebration on Lincoln's Birthday at the Opera House of our state capitol.

MARY. Well, it seems sort of predestined or something or other, that Link having the name he has should be the competitor from our class, I think.

FLOSSY. Don't be absurd, Mary. I think it would make a laughing stock of our class. As if we were childish enough to pick him out just because he has that ridiculous name. I suppose if Isaac here had been named Napoleon Bonaparte and *his* conquests had been the subject you'd think him divinely appointed.

ISAAC. Say, Floss, don't get off those poisoned arrows of sarcasm at my expense, please.

(*Laughter.*)

MARY. But seriously, much as I should love the honor, I feel that Link has oratorical ability that I entirely lack, and the way the essay is presented before the judges will mean so much.

JEAN. But Mary, that doesn't affect the merit of the essay.

NICK. Why can't you and Link each write one and have Miss Lloyd decide which is best?

JIM. That's a good idea. You've got a head that is a head, Mr. Sorello.

RICHARD. (*Hesitatingly*) That does seem the fairest way. But as it happens we've been told to decide finally at this meeting on our representative, so that he or she may be exempt from certain other work so as to concentrate on the writing of the essay.

MARY. (*As others look inquiringly at her*) Well, honestly, I think Link would be the best choice.

FLOSSY. (*Excitedly*) Well, I object!

RICHARD. You object? Why?

FLOSSY. I think our class has a right to be represented by some one who will make a good appearance —

JEAN. (*Protestingly*) Floss, that's rather — rather — (*Pause.*)

NICK. Well, I'd say Link's a pretty fair upstanding specimen of budding manhood.

(*Laughter and applause.*)

ISAAC. And he doesn't get tangled up in his speech, nor lose his head.

FLOSSY. Well, I consider that *clothes* count in a person's appearance.

JEAN. Oh, Floss, that's not a fair criticism.

RICHARD. Besides, if Link got that gray suit he had me advise him about,—ahem!—(*swells out chest importantly*) I'll guarantee he'll look all to the good.

ISAAC. If you mean that suit I saw you two looking at in Uncle David's show-window last week, I sold it myself to Fred Bacon.

JEAN. I—I rather hate to be a part of a discussion of this nature, it—it seems sort of underhand. But since we're on the subject, in fairness to Lincoln, I happen to know that his mother's sewing-machine gave out just about the time he wanted that suit and he gave it up so that she could get a new one.

MARY. I think that was noble.

FLOSSY. Well, if you want to see him standing up there before the *world* in patched clothes as our representative,—I don't!

JIM. Say, Floss, if that had been your little naught-by-minus poodle instead of Mrs. Ware's Link saved from being swallowed whole the other day, you'd respect that patch on his sleeve.

FLOSSY. I thank you, Zip is not a poodle. He's a high-bred Japanese spaniel. And I can't see why the patch had to be even of another material to make it more noticeable.

JIM. Gee! Floss, that's easy. The bulldog swallowed the part that *ain't*, in lieu of the poodle.

(*Laughter.*)

FLOSSY. (*Who doesn't laugh*) And his shoes! They were covered with mud yesterday when he came in class.

RICHARD. Well, that was mud deserving our respect. He was just ahead of me coming down Bank Street when somebody accidentally knocked over a basket of apples on that crippled fellow's fruit stand, and out in the street went Link. He picked 'em up very carefully while half a dozen machines tooted warning that he was likely to get what the apples escaped.

FLOSSY. Well, I don't care if you all are determined to make a hero of him. I think it's straining a point

to pick out the shabbiest, poorest, socially insig —
(Pauses for want of breath, swallowing angrily.)

JIM. *(Humorously supplies)* Insignificanttest?

(Laughter.)

FLOSSY. Well, he is just a nobody; he —

JIM. *(Rather hotly)* Say, Flossy, this is America, and the only *nobodies* here are the people who don't do a thing to help their country or fellow men in any way. And Lincoln Barnes is not a *nobody*.

(Hearty applause.)

MARY. And I don't believe there's one of us, no matter if we're born of the so-called best blood of the land, who would do a finer thing than he did last summer when he gave up his job at Meyer's grocery because they insisted on sneaking in specked fruit and vegetables with the good in their orders. He was getting good pay there, and you know how scarce work was, and he might have let himself off on the plea that as long as he personally didn't sneak in the poor stuff it was none of his affair; but my brother happened to be in the store, standing where some piled-up boxes hid him from the view of Link and Mr. Meyer, and he overheard Link telling the grocer that he couldn't work for a concern who cheated his fellow men.

FLOSSY. Well, I call that Quixotic nonsense. He isn't the keeper of other people's consciences.

NICK. I take it, Floss, your folks don't deal at Meyer's.

(Laughter.)

ISAAC. If I may have your attention for a moment, folks. *(Rises as he begins speaking.)* I'd like to make a little speech.

JIM. (*Interrupts softly*) Go to it, Ikey!

(*Laughter.*)

ISAAC. (*Continues*) I've been listening attentively to all that has been said so far in this meeting and I'd like to do a little summing up ——

JIM. (*Dramatically*) Behold the future Attorney-General Isaac Barrett Rosenthal,—alias Napoleon Bonaparte.

JEAN. Say, somebody please muzzle Jim!

(*Laughter.*)

ISAAC. (*Continues*) We all admire Mary and Richard for their generous stand today (*applause*) and we cannot but admit the claim of Lincoln Barnes to our consideration on the strength of his literary ability and oratorical gifts. But aside from that it seems to me that as Mary suggested it is an odd coincidence that the subject for the competitive essay should be "The Character of Lincoln," and the member whom most of us think entitled to represent us should bear the name of Abraham Lincoln Barnes. But the thing that has impressed me most is that a number of points that have been brought out in this discussion have proven conclusively that this classmate of ours is a Lincoln sort of a fellow himself. (*Applause. ISAAC, slightly embarrassed.*) I—I hate to take up so much time talking, but—ah ——

JIM. Talk on! Methinks these ears have seldom pricked themselves up at sound of nobler burst of oratory.

(ISAAC makes as if to throw books at his tormentor.)

RICHARD. Go on, Isaac. We like that straight-from-the-shoulder stuff.

ISAAC. First place, why isn't Link here at this meeting? Why, just because a shut-in old neighbor of his needed some yarn and would have been disappointed if he didn't get it to her this afternoon. Abraham Lincoln was late at a meeting one day because he retraced his steps to put some little birds who had fallen out of the nest back into it again.

Link came to school yesterday with muddy shoes. Why? To save some apples for a poor old fruit seller. Abraham Lincoln came late to another meeting, and had to attend it in muddy shoes and clothes in the bargain, because he stopped to help a pig out of a mud-hole. And the patch on Link's sleeve is there, too, because of his help to a poor little animal.

Lincoln Barnes is wearing his old clothes with the hard-earned price of new ones gone into a sewing-machine for his mother. Abraham Lincoln, as ambitious as he was, stuck right to that little farm in Illinois until he saw his father and stepmother comfortably fixed.

Link lost his summer's job because he wouldn't represent a business concern that cheated folks. Abraham Lincoln, as a lawyer, wouldn't defend a person whom he found to be making a false plea.

Lincoln Barnes is honest, and clean, and big-hearted and smart, and just one look into his clear gray eyes and at his broad, white forehead and kind, firm mouth, and people won't see the patches on his clothes when he stands up in front of them and talks. (*Hearty applause.*)

And I for one would like to have the subject, "The Character of Lincoln," presented by this member of our class who is so much like our noble martyred president.

(*ISAAC sits down amid more applause.*)

FLOSSY. (*Jumping up*) Just the same I ——

RICHARD. Sh-h! Here comes Link!

(*Silence as LINCOLN BARNES enters; shabbily dressed but clean and neat. Hair parted low at side, and swept back from broad forehead.*)

LINCOLN. (*As he hurries to a seat*) I'm mighty sorry to be so late. Had a little errand to do that I'd promised somebody, and was hurrying back when I got held up again. (*Pauses uncertainly.*) Fact is I believe I ought to tell Flossy here (*FLOSSY starts guiltily*) the reason. But don't be frightened, Flossy. As I was coming past your house your mother came hurrying out of the door wringing her hands. (*FLOSSY clasps her own hands in instant alarm.*) Everything is all right now, Flossy, honestly. Of course I stopped to see what was the matter and Mrs. Doyle said that the little fellow had fallen downstairs——

FLOSSY. Billy—oh!

LINCOLN. (*Continues*) And she was afraid his arm was broken and she couldn't get the doctor on the 'phone for some reason. So I told her I'd get him or some other doctor in two shakes of a sheep's tail. And I did. Fact is I nearly got arrested for exceeding the speed limit I ran so fast. (*Laughs.*) And the doctor felt Billy all over and says he isn't broken anywhere. (*Others laugh and FLOSSY gasps an "Oh!" of relief.*) I waited around to make sure so I could tell you, Flossy, so let me down as easy as you can for being late, please.

FLOSSY. (*Drops her head on her desk for a shamed instant, then raises it quickly, rises to her feet, wiping eyes as she does so, and appeals to the chairman and class*) Richard, everybody, please let me say something. (*Turns to LINCOLN.*) Link, I—I can't tell you how I thank you for what you've just done for Mother and Billy,—and all of us,—but it just goes to prove that the choice our class has just made, of you as our representative in this essay contest on "The Character of Lincoln," is altogether the right one, for as Isaac

was just saying when you came in, you are truly a
“Lincoln sort of fellow.”

(Applause.)

CURTAIN

FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
A CELEBRATION OF THE EMANCIPATION
PROCLAMATION

BY EVELYN HOXIE

CHARACTERS

EPHIRIAM JONES, <i>leader.</i>	}	<i>all colored folks.</i>
SAMBO,		
RASTUS,		
MANDY,		
CHLOE,		
JOHN SAMUEL,	}	<i>small colored boys.</i>
BENJAMIN JAMES,		

SCENE.—JONES' kitchen.

(Discovered, the whole group sitting about the stage. Small boys sitting on floor in corner. CHLOE keeps smiling and giggling.)

EPHIRIAM JONES. (*Portly colored man, rises*) Now, Ah hain't no great speaker, but dis is er big 'casion. We is free. Massa Lincum, dat Christian gentleman, has done sot us free. (*He puts his hands behind his back in impressive manner.*) No white folks kin sell us eny mo'. Ah thought it war fitten fer us ter celebrate our freedom en we're gwine ter git thar school teacher ter write a letter ob t'anks ter Massa Lincum.

RASTUS. (*Admiringly*) What er fine speaker yer are, Ephiriam. Ah spects yo' spects yo' speech'll go inter de hist'ry books.

(All look admiringly toward EPHIRIAM who straightens up with pride. Small boys giggle in the corner.)

EPHIRIAM. Ah hopes Ah'm erlive ter de bes' ting fer de colored people. Ah'll get all yo' names in de hist'ry books 'fo' Ah get done. (*Small boys giggle.*) Hyar yo', John Samuel an' Benjamin James, yo' behave yo'seff or yo' kain't stay in hyar. (*Small boys sit back and roll their eyes.*) What's de piece yo' discomposed fo' dis 'casion, Sambo? We'd all lak ter hear it. (*EPHIRIAM sits down.*)

SAMBO. (*Rising*) Wal, de res' can sing it too, Ah reckon. Rastus knows it enyhow. (*Looks toward RASTUS who rises and comes to the side of SAMBO. SAMBO thrums on his banjo and they sing to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," the following words.*)

1

Massa Lincum went ter work,
An' den he sot us free.
Dat's what Massa Lincum done
In de year ob jubilee.

CHORUS

Massa Lincum, he's de man,
Massa Lincum, Lincum,
We'll honor him fo'ebber mo',
Massa Lincum, Lincum.

2

Nary one are slaves no mo',
Ebery one is free.
Nobuddy'll sell us eny mo'
In de year ob jubilee.

CHORUS

(*The rest keep time with their heads or hands.*)

3

Massa Lincum freed us,
Freed us well an' good.

Massa Lincum freed us,
As he said he would.

CHORUS

(*RASTUS and SAMBO sit down, smiling broadly.*)

EPHIRIAM. Dat's good, Sambo. Yo's er good discomposer all right. Now, Mandy, what kin yo' do ter help us celebrate?

MANDY. (*Bashfully*) Ah reckon Ah kain't do much.

EPHIRIAM. Yo' c'n tol' us what yo' t'ink erbout hit, enyway.

MANDY. Ah'm glad we's free. Ah say, Lord bress Massa Lincum.

EPHIRIAM. (*Looking at CHLOE*) What hev yo' ter say erbout it, Chloe?

CHLOE. (*Giggling*) Ah'm so tickled Ah jes' wanter laff all de time. Seems lak Ah'll bust ef Ah don' laff. Massa Lincum's de bes' man dat ebber lived. Lord bress his soul.

EPHIRIAM. (*Smiles and all smile at CHLOE's speech*) Yo' gals mus' sing er song, must do suthin' ter help celebrate.

MANDY. (*Bashfully*) Ah kain't discompose er song same's Sambo did.

CHLOE. (*Laughing*) Ah couldn't discompose er song ter save mah life. (*Giggles.*)

EPHIRIAM. Wall, sing eny song.

MANDY. (*To CHLOE*) Le's sing "Mah Ol' Kentucky Home" ?

CHLOE. (*Nodding*) Go ahead.

MANDY. (*To SAMBO*) Play hit fer us, Sambo.

(*SAMBO nods and begins to play. MANDY and CHLOE step to front of stage at the left of the others and sing the song, "My Old Kentucky Home." They sing it with much enthusiasm. As they finish the*

song and step back to their chairs, JOHN SAMUEL turns a somersault and kicks a chair over, and CHLOE goes off into peals of laughter. EPHIRIAM grabs JOHN SAMUEL and shakes him lustily.)

EPHIRIAM. Yo' young limb ob Satan. What yo' actin' dis way fer? Benjamin James, git up offen dat floor. Yo' kain't stay ter de cel'bration eny mo'. Yo' jus' gwine out, en ef Ah hear nuther sound outen yo' ter-night, Ah'll guv yer er soun' thrashin'. Go long wid yer. (*Boys run out, rolling their eyes and looking scared.*) Now who's nex' on dis program? Sambo, kain't yo' en Rastus gib us er clog dance?

SAMBO. (*Grinning*) Ah'll try ef Rastus will.

(They step out and give a clog dance, the rest clapping their hands in time. They finish out of breath and sit down laughing. The others applaud their dancing.)

EPHIRIAM. (*Rising*) Ah nebber wanten be slow in er good cause. Now le's all mosey down ter de school teacher's en git her ter writ us er good card ob t'anks ter send ter President Lincum en we'll git our names in de hist'ry book ef we do dat way now.

CHLOE. (*Jumping up*) Come on, le's get our names in de hist'ry books en let President Lincum know we's p'lite nuff ter t'ank him fer freeing us.

MANDY. Take yo' banjo, Sam, en we'll stop in ter Tylers' en hev er dance.

EPHIRIAM. Ah'm gwine ter ten' ter bizness de first t'ing, den we'll dance afterwards.

RASTUS. Come on.

(The whole group hurry out smiling.)

CURTAIN

A MINUET

ARRANGED BY ELIZABETH HINES HANLEY

* Music: Minuet from "Don Giovanni" by Mozart.

The keynote of the Minuet is stateliness with grace. In the walk the body should be erect, slightly back and the head held high. The salutation is a low court curtsy for the ladies and a deep court bow for the gentlemen. The tap is made with pointed toe, very lightly to the side. The point is made in the same manner and held for the count instead of tap. The entrance to the dance should be formal and in time to the music until the dancers are in position for the dance. Dancers are usually placed in sets of eight—4 men and 4 ladies,—and as many sets may be used as the stage will accommodate without crowding.

First Figure—Salutation, 6 counts—3 bending and 3 rising. Gentleman takes lady's left hand in his right. She holds skirt out with right hand. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Salutation 6 counts.

Second Figure—Lady's left hand in partner's right hand held high. They circle each other in their places. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Hold point and rise on toes, 6 counts.

Third Figure—Partners separate—ladies going to right and gentlemen to left. They look over shoulders at each other in coquettish manner. Walk 3 counts.

* Music of the Minuet from "Don Giovanni" by Mozart may be secured from G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York, price 25c.

Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Point 6 counts looking at each other as above.

Fourth Figure—Partners still separated, circle in places. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Hold point and rise on toes, 6 counts.

Fifth Figure—Partners approach each other from left and right. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Hold point 6 counts.

Sixth Figure—Repeat first figure.

Seventh Figure—Gentlemen to the center and ladies to left and right. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Hold and point 6 counts.

Eighth Figure—Gentlemen join extended hands in arch. Ladies walk left and right to the arch and pass through. Walk 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Repeat until all ladies are through the arch. Then they separate and go right and left to their proper positions.

Ninth Figure—Gentlemen drop hands and stand in position for their partners. They walk toward each other 3 counts. Tap 3 counts. Walk 3 counts. Point 3 counts. Salutation 6 counts. Exit to music, walking in time as for entrance.

OUR ELOQUENT DEAD

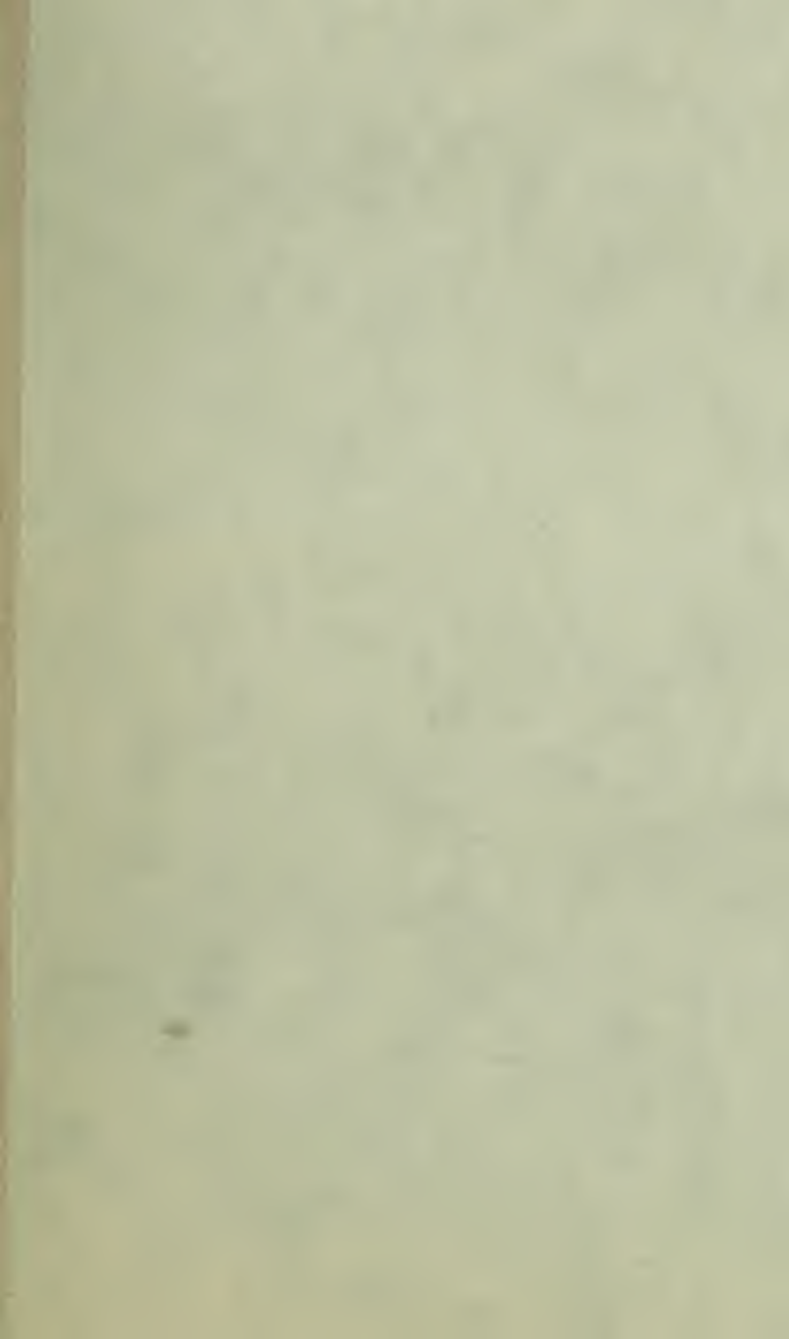
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR

With pride and affection we gather again
In honor of Lincoln, the noblest of men,
And here on his birthday our hearts shall proclaim
Devotion and love to his excellent name.

Today shall the laurel and ivy entwine
In grateful remembrance from your heart and mine,
Today shall our flag in its glory still wave
For Abraham Lincoln, the true and the brave.

We'll never forget him, though seasons decay,
Our love shall increase as the years pass away!
And, turning our eyes to the records of fame,
We'll feel the old thrill at the sound of his name.

Oh, lift up the flag! let the Stripes and the Stars
Be heralds of peace, and not bloodshed and wars,
Today let its colors be loyally spread
In honor of Lincoln, Our Eloquent Dead!



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